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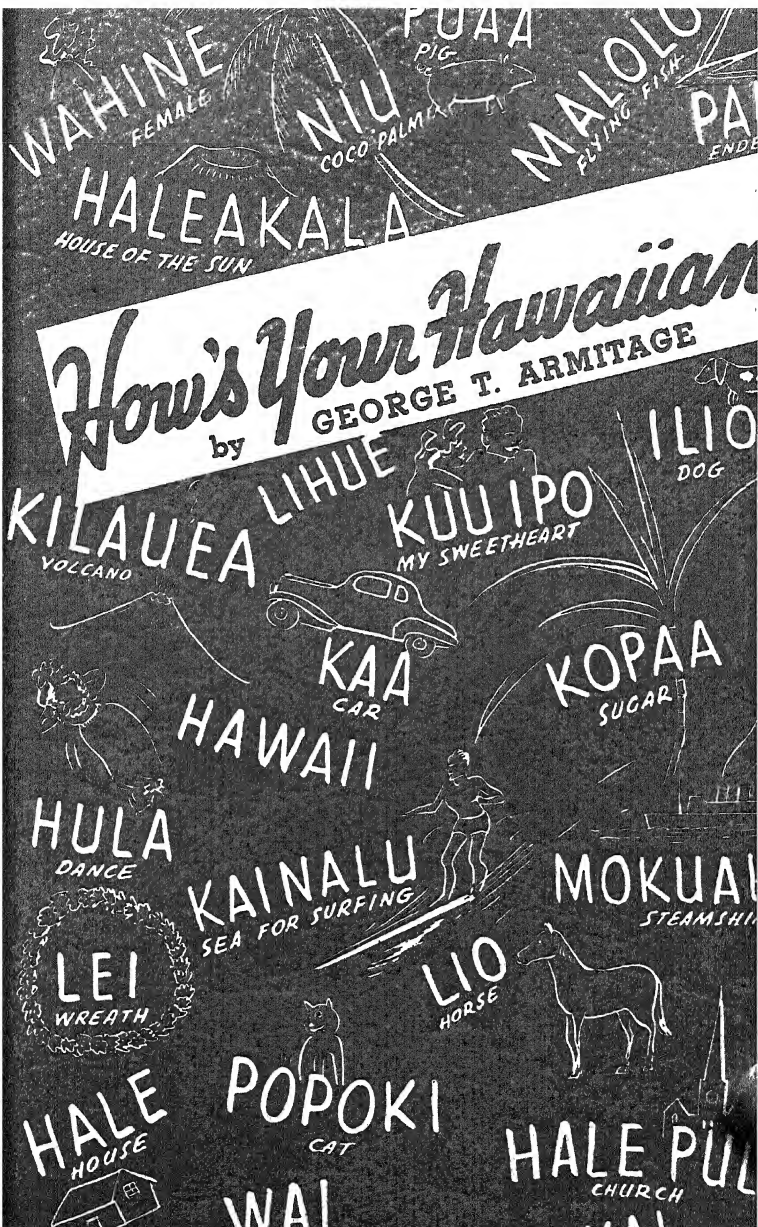
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HOW'S YOUR HAWAIIAN?

BY
GEORGE T. ARMITAGE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JERRY CHONG

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HOW'S YOUR HAWAIIAN?



In Memory of

JIM McINERNY

This book is dedicated to James D. McInerny, *keiki hanau o ka aina*,—‘native son’ (child born in the land), civic builder, an outstanding community leader of Hawaii and ‘bon vivant,’ who liked to laugh and knew how to make his many friends do likewise.

Glossary

These informal pages make no attempt to present even rudiments of the Hawaiian tongue. For a complete treatise readers are urged to study the new, and only modern complete textbook—"The Hawaiian Language"—issued in 1939 by Professor Henry P. Judd.

Hawaiian words and phrases used in these chapters, and a few others, are found alphabetically listed in the back of this book. Spelling and definitions are taken from the Territory's official Hawaiian dictionary by Andrews. For more details, including pronunciation and accent, see that dictionary. Also the handy pocket dictionary, "Introduction to the Hawaiian Language," by Henry P. Judd, Mary Kawena Pukui and John F. G. Stokes.

Remember in pronouncing:

Every syllable ends in a vowel.

Every syllable is usually one consonant and one vowel.

The accent is often uniform—no syllable especially accented.

a is *ah*

e is long *a*

i is long *e*

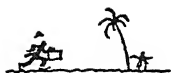
o is *oh*

u is *oo*

The vowels often have a short sound, especially the final vowel of a word.

Letters in the Hawaiian alphabet are: a, e, h, i, k, l, m, n, o, p, u, w.

Except in 'Hawaii' which is generally pronounced with the 'w' sound, the letter 'w' in the interior of a word is often given the 'v' sound as in *awakea* (ah-vah-kay-ah).



By Way of Introduction

How's your Hawaiian? If you're a *malihini* and have been reading up on the Islands you probably know that they cover about 6000 square miles and support over 500,000 people. But do you know that in Hawaii a station wagon is called a banana wagon? or what is the plural of mongoose? If not, read on, for that important matter is settled for all time on these pages by Jim McInerny.

How's your Hawaiian? Even if you're a *kamaaina* and know that Hawaii's trade with the mainland runs over \$200,000,000 per year you may never have heard of Sheriff Rice's sea-going cow, or how Walter Macfarlane was stymied by a telegraph office in New York, or why Senator George Cooke didn't get his double-bottom riding breeches!

The shelves of book stores are sway-backed with many a tome of lyric poems and weighty treatises in prose about Hawaii. Description and narrative of these Isles may be bought by the yard and mile! But do they give you Charlie Frazier's story of the milk-fed flying fish of Kona? Or George Waterhouse's explanation of how Waikiki was named? Or Addison Kirk's tribute to the Los Angeles fire department? No, a thousand times no!

Various writers on Hawaii have presented all the facts and figures, but many have missed the tale of how a young reporter covered a major appearance of Madame Pele, and George Denison's yarn about the Hawaiian who won an annual pass and used it. Some writers even

missed Frank Atherton's account of the great grandchildren of bugs. And did you ever hear of the sign over a Honolulu shop, "Baby Carriage and Retire"? and another, "Ladies have fits upstairs"? We ask you?

How's your Hawaiian? Do you desecrate *Honolulu* with "Hannaloola"; do you miss the soft, liquid, long *e* sound on the end of *Hawaii*? Do you know what *kakou* means? Do you say "Ala Moana Road" or murder the beautiful word Kapiolani with "Kappylanny"?

The writer is no authority on the Hawaiian language. He probably knows less about it than anyone who knows anything about it. But no one could be more sincere than he in the belief that we of Hawaii know too little of this musical, sonorous, colorful tongue with phrases as expressive as the gentle trades through coco fronds; sayings deep in double meaning; and still boasting words with a wallop.

Residents of the islands who are on speaking terms with *aloha* and *pau*, *pupule* and *wahine*, *pilikia* and *maikai*, or *pololei*, *kokua* and *mahope*, and of course the names of places, may not know what the *oe* means in *Aloha oe* and to an ordinary greeting of "*Pehea?*" they might retort, "I guess so" or "It sounds all right to me!"

In the following pages then, I will try to take you, almost solely by anecdote, through all the Hawaiian islands, and in most of the stories I will try to bring out something of the Hawaiian language itself—a word, a phrase, or a local name.

So here's "How's Your Hawaiian?" a sincere, even though inadequate, attempt to spread Hawaii's ebullient spirit of good fun and fellowship, increase interest in Hawaii and its own Polynesian language, and to present to the world just one more picture of an interesting, fascinating country.



Blow Your Nose!

Except at the 'U,' and a few schools with conversational courses, Hawaiian is not taught in Hawaii's public schools — *halekula* — where nearly a hundred thousand children of many creeds, races and mixtures learn their ABC's, but teachers strive to correct a prevalent patois or 'pidgin' which is expressive but hard to imitate. For humorous examples see Mrs. Milly Lou Donnelly's popular compilation: "ME SPIK ENGLISH."

For instance, a fair pedagogue recently arrived from the mainland (most of the teachers are now island born and educated) was amazed during a recess to hear a sharp voice under her window declare, "I blow your nose!"

The 'When a feller needs a friend' statement, as she understood it, most decidedly didn't go with the tone. She peered out to see one of her young masculine charges shaking his fist under an opponent's nose, and to hear him repeat, "I blow your nose!"

Her timely interference barely averted the 'blow.'

My God, the Cook!

My sister Harriet (Mrs. William J. Sherry) who once taught in Hawaii, tells another of a domestic science instructor who found that, in instructing at one of the huge cafeterias which most of the big public schools boast, her job was practically endless as chief cook and dishwasher director. Ordinarily easy on the eye, after a hard day superintending the preparation and serving of food by the ton, she ceased temporarily to be the gay young thing of beauty. But one night, arrayed in her slinkiest evening sensation, perfectly waved and shod, and with a handsome escort, she was motoring towards the bright lights and night life of Waikiki when they stopped at the corner of King and Kalakaua avenues (Kalakaua was Hawaii's last King) to buy a paper from a newsboy.

The youngster who happened by day to possess one of the bottomless stomachs which her domestic science class was learning to stuff properly, casually presented the newspaper but in making change he happened to glance more closely at the vision. He started as if he had seen an apparition.

"My God, it's the cook!" he cried.



The Hawaiian No Means Yes!

One of the first stories I heard in the islands was told of an American tourist who was out hiking in the verdant hills. He became very thirsty and stopped at a tiny Hawaiian hut. An old Hawaiian who could speak little or no English appeared.

"Have you any water?" the tourist asked, pointing to his mouth.

The Hawaiian may not have understood the words but he got the idea. "Why, no," he seemed to reply.

The American shook his head sadly and walked on but the old Hawaiian looked after him puzzled, for he had said, "*Wai no*—" "Water indeed."

The Hawaiian must have thought the *haole* was *pupule*—'crazy.'

The Anglo-Saxon 'no' has its twin in the Hawaiian tongue but the meaning is entirely opposite. The Hawaiian *no* in a sense is 'yes' but more in the nature of an intensifier than an affirmative. If one Hawaiian greets another with "*Aloha*" the reply may be "*Aloha no!*" The "*Aloha*" is a friendly greeting and it might appear that the addition of *no* is discourteous. Actually the "*Aloha no*" means "*Aloha indeed*" or "*Aloha to be sure*."

Consider *Pehea oe*. "*Pehea?*" by itself is equivalent to the English "How-dy" The fuller form, "*Pehea oe?*" is the English, "How do you do?" or perhaps more precisely, "How are you?" The common answer is "*Maikai*"—"Good," or "*Pololei*"—"Fine," but better still "*Maikai no*"—"Good indeed." The '*no*' simply adds a little more feeling and finish. If you are *oia mau no* you are 'just the same.' Something like *like-pu*—"the same."

No Pilikia

Pilikia is a sweet-sounding Hawaiian word in common usage by Hawaiian and *haole* alike, although the meaning is not quite so sweet. It means 'trouble,' and its approximate pronunciation is 'pee'-lih-kee'-uh,' not said as long as that looks, however.

If a handsome bronze traffic officer on his motorcycle roars alongside when you're doing about sixty-five on that straight stretch near Pearl Harbor, your very contrite "*Heaha ka pilikia?*" would be a good opener.

To your, "What's the trouble?" he will tell you, but with a certain quick respect in his voice, that you were leaving the country behind you too fast. If you can go on from there with, "*Auwe, ua minamina wau*"—"Oh, I am very sorry," (*au* or *wau* is the personal pronoun I) you'll get more respect, but probably a ticket anyhow.



It is common practice in Hawaii, when one thanks you, to reply "*Aole pilikia*" meaning "No bother" or "No trouble."

Complimented on her coffee and asked for the recipe, an island hostess called in the capable Chinese cook.

"No *pilikia*, Missey," the cook explained, "I take hand-ful good *Kona* coffee—Hawaii's own product—sling um in Mister's sox and boil um plenty."

Horried, the hostess exploded: "You mean to tell my guests that you made their coffee in one of Mister's sox!"

"Oh, no *pilikia*, Missey," the Chinese persisted with a grin, "I no use clean one!"

Haole Is Not White

Haole, generally mispronounced 'how-lee,' has come to mean a white person as differentiated from the Oriental or the Polynesian. However, it also signifies a foreigner, a person from abroad, because the first foreigners whom Hawaiians saw for some time were white men. From the day that Captain Cook appeared, *haole* has meant 'white.' It is said to have come from the fact that the white people didn't breath out or chant (*ha-ole*) at church service. Others say it means 'white.'

Strictly speaking, a Korean, or a Chinese — called *pake* (pah-kay) — arriving in Hawaii in early days would have been a *malihini*. And the word *pake* brings up a story out of the inexhaustible supply which Reverend Henry P. Judd, former professor of Hawaiian language at the University of Hawaii, has at hand.

Professor Judd tells of another divine who was studying Hawaiian and essayed to give a short sermon in the island tongue. He chose as his text the story of Lot's wife being turned into salt. He should have said that she was turned into *paakai* (pah-ah-k-eye). What he actually got out was that she was turned into *Pake*—'Chinese'!



The word *hapa haole*, some people in Hawaii believe, means 'half white.' Actually the *hapa* means 'part.' Thus the common expression for twenty-five cents—'a quarter' — is *hapa ha* — 'a fourth part'; and for fifty cents—'half a dollar'—it is *hapa lua*—'a half part.'

Pake—Parke's People

George Mellen, writer and investigator of things Hawaiian, claims that *pake*, modern Hawaiian for 'Chinese,' derives from *poe paka*—'Parke's people'—as Parke, then marshal of the Hawaiian Kingdom, was in charge of the first Chinese immigration to Hawaii. Hawaiians pronounced Parke 'pah-kay,' spelled *pake*. The claim was supported by Manuel Pereira, formerly of the Star-Bulletin printing plant, born in Hawaii and an authority on the language. This is questioned, however.

Mr. Mellen also says the name of the sweet scented *pikake flower* (Hawaiian jasmine) comes from 'peacock,' in Hawaiian *pikake*, because the early-day Governor Cleghorn, for his beautiful Ainahau estate in Honolulu, had a flock of gorgeous peacocks, and later, when he imported the fragrant jasmine and it waxed luxuriant along with the peacocks, it, too, became known as *pikake*. And today *pikake* (pee-kah-keh) makes one of Hawaii's most fragrant and sought-after flower leis.

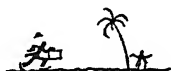
Another word, *popoki*, the Hawaiian name for cat, has always been commonly supposed to be taken from the missionaries' manner of saying "poor pussy," although George Mellen very pertinently points out that *popoki* is a pure Hawaiian word meaning short and thick. He points out further that Lorrin Andrews' Dictionary, revised by Rev. Henry Parker, for cat has *popoki*, *oau* and *owau*, all three words onomatopoeic.

Paakai is an interesting example of how Hawaiians made up their simplest compound words. *Paa* means 'held,' and *kai* means 'sea'—literally, then, 'the sea that is held,' 'retained' or 'crystalized.' Likewise *ko* is 'sugar-cane' and *kopaa* is 'sugar.'



Don't Pick the Puaa!

Professor Judd tells of another none-too-erudite *haole* who put up a sign in one of Honolulu's many beautiful parks, "Do not pluck the *puaa*." He should have said *pua*—'flower.' *Puaa* means 'pig'!



Terry Parker of Theo. H. Davies & Co., tells of another *haole*, a personable young woman tourist in the Islands, who was rapidly acquiring our ways. At a *luau*, or Hawaiian feast, where she had partaken of much *kalua puaa* (pig baked in an underground oven) and many other tempting native delicacies, this young lady dipped a slim *manamalanimakuhikuhi* (index finger) into her second bowl of *poi* and to admiring *kamaaina*, declared:

"I'm a *hale* now!"

She had meant to say *haole* which she was and always would be whether she could eat *poi* or not. But from the hearty manner in which she ate her way through every day, her *hale*, or house, might soon have been equally appropriate.

Lio and Ilio

Two words in Hawaiian which are confused with each other are *lio* and *ilio*—‘horse’ and ‘dog.’ There were no horses when Captain Cook came, and the name *lio* applied to any foreign animal, but particularly to horses when they were brought by the American shipmaster Captain Cleveland in 1803.

Over on the Garden Island of Kauai former Sheriff William H. Rice of the illustrious Rice family, whose father was a famous Hawaiian scholar, was a storyteller in his own right. His cow and horse stories both are well known. The cow story is a true tale of how his parents took a fresh cow aboard early-day Honolulu-bound sailing ships from Kauai so ‘Little Willie’ (he weighed about 200) could have his fresh milk daily.

His horse story is as follows:

The Sheriff needed a saddle-horse and seeing a likely looking mount in the corral of an old farmer, he went in and asked if the horse were for sale.

The farmer said, “You no like this horse.”

“Why?” asked the Sheriff.

“Cause he no look good,” explained the farmer.

The Sheriff was not to be denied. “He looks all right to me. Come on and name your price.”

Finally the old farmer sold the horse and the Sheriff led the animal away. But later he was back, seeing red.

“Say,” the Sheriff yelled at the farmer, “that horse you sold me is blind.”

“Sure—I know,” admitted the farmer. “I tell you he no look good!”

Paakiki

The blind horse story suggests another, a true story and a favorite of E. J. "Ed" Walsh, long the proprietor of a popular hotel on Maui, the second largest island in the Territory and just over the horizon from Honolulu. A million-dollar highway coils like a whip up the 10,000-foot-high slopes of the giant's hump that is Maui's *Haleakala*, an extinct (some say dormant) crater, and a part of Hawaii National Park. But only a few years ago the last eight miles, the steepest part of the ascent, were negotiated only on horseback. Mr. Walsh ran a string of horses that took tourists to the top, and maintained a little inn and stable at Olinda. One of his *haole* charges, an older woman, didn't like anything about that inn, and said so fluently and frequently. She was *paakiki*—'obdurate.' (Not *pakike* which is saucy.)

The gnarled, gnome-like little country ancient who hostled the horses and guided to the summit came in for the brunt of her scorn. He took it nobly and silently and when she complained of every horse in turn, he finally in desperation gave her Ed's own prize mount. But when the complainant tried out this horse and returned to the stables, she tore it so thoroughly to pieces that the saddle and bridle were practically left suspended in thin air. In her opinion it was the poorest mount of the lot.

This was too much; this was sacrilege; the faithful hostler could stand no more. He turned upon her, shaking so that he could scarcely speak, and shrilled:

"Hey, who to hell 're you, highhat da horse!"



How Old Is a Volcano?

Geologists disagree on the age of Hawaii's islands, mountains and craters which are supposed to have bubbled up from a rift on the floor of the Pacific to form the 6000-square-mile archipelago. One scientist estimated that Oahu's *Waianae* range of mountains is one million years old; another estimated four million—a mere difference of three million years. *Koko Head*, the bald-headed dome which tourists first see as they approach Honolulu from the Coast, is a mere infant—some say only about five thousand years young.

Kenneth B. Barnes, formerly of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, says the first yarn he heard upon arrival many years ago in Hawaii had to do with the exact age of a certain lava flow on the highway at Red Hill. A tourist who was being driven along the highway by a taxi driver who for many years had piloted one of the old deep-sea hacks in Honolulu, stopped to admire an odd geological formation. He was informed by the driver that the formation was four thousand and thirty-three years old.

The tourist commented on the exactness of his knowledge.

"Well," said the driver, "I was driving Rev. Sereno Bishop over this road once and when we stopped to look at this formation he said it was four thousand years old—and that happened just thirty-three years ago, so you can figure it out for yourself."

But whether the soil be a million or a thousand years old, pineapples in the uplands and sugar cane nearer the sea are Hawaii's life blood—over two hundred-million-

dollar combined crop, the receipts for which Hawaii spends all over the mainland.

Haleakala (Háh-leh-ah-kah-lá), the vast crater just mentioned, rears up on eastern Maui like a monstrous molar with the filling removed. The lilting name is given many interpretations. Most accepted is that the demi-god *Maui* of Polynesian fame there lassoed the rays of the sun and tied them down till they would promise to go more slowly across the sky so his mother's laundry could dry. Thus 'House (*Hale*) of the Sun,' a rather garbled legend according to the Polynesian authority, the late Sir Peter H. Buck, once director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

Others claim from the same legend that *Haleakala* is a corruption of *Alehekala*—'Snarer of the Sun,' and still others say it may be divided thus: *Hale-akala*, literally 'House of the akala berry' which grows on its slopes. But *Haleakala* it is and probably will remain.

The uppermost rim of Haleakala is about twenty miles around and the statement is often found in guide books that the entire city of Philadelphia (why pick on Philadelphia?) could be set down within its maw, but no one has ever tried it.



Baby Carriage and Retire!

When I first came to Waikiki, the three miles from the center of town were negotiated by a Rapid Transit street car that rolled as it ran and shuddered as it walked. And when it left the sure surface of King street and cut off across the No-Man's-Land of duck ponds passengers hoped that the car wouldn't dive in with the ducks before it made the crossing. (Now, big quiet gas and trolley buses run on modern pavement.)

On the town side of the run, along McCully street and South King, the entertainment of the duck ponds was taken over by shy little shops timidly presenting their wares and trades under such diverting signs as "House Paint and Paper Hang"; "Tool Fix"; and "Baby Carriage and Retire." I have always felt that the latter would have been more appropriate if it had been transposed to, "Retire and Baby Carriage" but never got to the point of suggesting it to the proprietor.

Down town there is still a "Look You" Shoe Store and "Hook On," the tailor. In a town on one of the other islands, there was once a sign over a women's apparel shop, "Women have fits upstairs."

Few of these quaint signs now appear but for some time along the main highway that leads to popular suburban districts of Kailua and Lanikai on Oahu a masterpiece of concise abbreviated advertising hung at the gate of a tiny farm. It bore the singular announcement "Egg for Sale." Not fresh eggs or bad eggs, nor duck eggs or hen's eggs, nor more than one egg. Just one plain unaffected 'egg.' Incidentally, 'egg' in Hawaiian is *hua moa*—"the fruit of the fowl."

Another single word, common at the entrance to private estate or humble home, and entirely out of keeping

with the otherwise hospitable atmosphere of Hawaii, is the expressive *kapu* related to the better known *tabu* or *taboo*. *Kapu* says 'Keep out' with no waste of breath or excessive verbiage.

Pau, which rhymes roughly with the English 'how,' is probably the most used Hawaiian word. *Haole* residents of the islands, no matter how recent or how limited their knowledge of the native tongue, know their *pau*. They take to it as readily as *papaia*, that watery golden pepsin-permeated fruit that handles like a small melon but hangs to a tree instead of a vine.

Pau means 'finished,' 'through,' 'done.' One says *pau* in a firm voice when the children have quarreled long enough; *pau* when a hard job has been completed; *pau?* with a question-mark, if the boy is shining your shoes; and *pau* to the gang when the job, or the day, is done. In the latter instance, a fuller expression is often used, *Pau ka hana* (Pow kah hah'nuh)—'finished the work.' A popular song has the refrain *Pau pau pau pilikia*—'Trouble is ended,' and an itinerant patent-medicine peddler in the islands a few years ago evolved the potent slogan *Pau opu pilikia* (Pow oh-poo pee'-lih-kee'-uh), illiterately, 'No more stomach trouble.'

The word *pau*, however, is entirely different from its colleague *pa-u*. That division changes the pronunciation as well as the meaning and is found in many Polynesian words, usually in place of an omitted consonant. *Pa-u*, therefore, is not one syllable, but two (pah-oo). It means a skirt, as for riding, like the colorful garment women riders sport on the great Hawaiian holiday, Kamehameha Day, June 11. And don't stumble over *Kamehameha*. Attack it a syllable at a time, as he did each island, and then you can conquer the whole word as he did the whole territory. But *Kamehameha* needs a whole chapter by himself.

The King's Brother

When you come to the islands, *Kamehameha* is one of the first long names which terrifies your tongue. Two streets, a famous Hawaiian school, the main highway around the island of Oahu (City and County of Honolulu), the handsome statue of the great warrior which holds out a perpetual hand of welcome to you across from the Capitol in Palace Square, songs, books and other things too numerous to remember have the name *Kamehameha*.

But how to pronounce it? If you start with *Kam* you are lost, because then you render something like 'Kamey-hamey-hah' which is unpardonable and brands one as the rankest *malihini* (molly-heeney)—'newcomer.' But visitors to Hawaii a hundred years ago made the same mistake, according to old books.

In many Hawaiian words one must remember that the *ka* or *ke* at the mast-head is simply the article 'the.' *Na* indicates the plural. And the remainder of this proud word is merely a repetition of *meha*. Repetition in Hawaiian intensifies just as in the English, 'Oh, oh,' 'yes, yes,' and 'my, my.' *Meha* means 'lonely' although why *Kamehameha* was ever lonely with so many buxom wives has never been adequately explained. *Meha meha* then, is 'very lonely' and hence we have for the name of Hawaii's first great king of the whole group, *Kamehameha* (Kah-mayhah-mayhah)—'The very lonely one,' because he was brought up in seclusion in the Kohala mountains.

The late Robt. H. "Bob" Davis, world-wide writer for the New York *Sun*, in one of his popular books, recorded the following story told by Henry L. Holstein, Hawaiian authority who died recently on Maui. *Kamehameha*,

after conquering his own natal island of Hawaii, journeyed with his warrior hordes to the adjoining isle of Maui, to add the Valley Isle to his growing kingdom.

At his famous battle of *Kepaniwai* in *Iao Valley*, men fell so fast that they dammed the stream. (*Kepaniwai* means 'Damming the waters.') Previously, at the Sand Hills, when Kamehameha was hard pressed by the Mauians, he threw himself in the van, realizing that the fate of the battle, and perhaps of his whole career, hung by a very delicate thread.

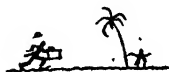
"Forward, my brothers, and drink of the bitter waters, for there is no retreat," he shouted, and his youngest warriors were so inspired that they rallied round him and turned the tide.

Resting from his campaigns at Kailua, his favorite abode on the Island of Hawaii, where he died in 1819, Kamehameha heard of a young warrior who was boasting that he was Kamehameha's brother. But the man was no brother and the penalty for anyone claiming such an exalted rank was death. Kamehameha was puzzled and before approving the death sentence ordered the younger man to be brought before him.

"It is so," the warrior declared with true deference but also with determination. "Does your majesty not remember in the desperate battle on Maui when you called on your 'brothers' to come forward and drink of the bitter waters? I was one of those 'brothers.'"

A glorious light or recollection—and understanding—shone in the old monarch's eyes, and perhaps a tear or two of pride.

"You are right," the King said, "and pardon me for forgetting. Let a great feast be prepared for my valiant brother!"



Poho—Out of Luck

In Hawaii, if you're *poho* (poh'-hoh') you're 'out of luck.' It's an expressive little two-syllable word, used more in a humorous fashion to mean 'sunk!' And like so many Hawaiian words, the accent is uniform on both syllables. If the cards were against you in a friendly penny-ante session, you might remark that you're *poho* two dollars. And in cribbage we have a strong Hawaiian term for the first turn. It is *pilau* point. *Pilau* is a 'bad smell.'

Apropos of *poho*, Jim McInerny, Hawaiian capitalist and native son, raconteur supreme and one fine half of Honolulu's famous McInerny twins (Will, former Senator, is the other half), told a travelling man's story with Hawaiian atmosphere.

Jim says he and a friend in early days stopped during a storm at a tiny Hawaiian home where the hospitable invitation had been *Hele mai e ai*—'Come in and eat.' They extended themselves, and so did the storm.

The Hawaiians insisted that the men must stay the night, and even though Jim accepted, he wondered vaguely where he would sleep, for there was only one old-fashioned four-poster bed in a corner of the one-room shack. And in addition to papa and mama there were about a dozen children. *Hiamoe* in Hawaiian is 'to sleep,' *punee* is a small bed, and *hikiee* is a large bed, really more of a platform, where six or eight may sleep in a row. But this tiny cabin was too small for such broad comforts.

Jim and his friend were soon treated to a ring-side view of how to handle an overflowing family in one

double bed. As the old folks and their guests talked, smoked and sang, the youngest when they began to nod were placed in the bed. But when these children were sound asleep they were carefully lifted out again and deposited on the floor in the corner. Finally all the children had reached the corner via the bed, and Jim and friend insisted that they, too, lie down on the floor with the children, but the old couple demurred. It would not be seemly; no, the guests must take the bed; the family, young and old, would take the floor in the corner.

Too tired to argue, Jim and his companion undressed and were soon dead to the world in the big bed.

But when they awoke in the morning the old folks were snoring in the bed and Jim and his friend were *poho*, for they, too, were on the floor with the children!



The McInerny twins were so alike that when Brother Will was running for Senator, on Oahu, friends claimed that he had an undue advantage, and was always elected because Twin Brother Jim also took the stump in Will's behalf!

Their similarity led to many amusing incidents in Hawaii. Will told of meeting so often on a European trip a certain resident of Australia, that the latter finally declared as he sailed for home from San Francisco, and Will said good-bye at the dock, that at least they wouldn't meet again in Honolulu because there was no other ship for several days. But on the same ship Will mailed a letter outlining the circumstances to Jim, and the Australian went to his reward several years later still believing it was Will whom he met again in Honolulu! (That was before airplane travel.)

A Close Call for the K

Hawaii had no recorded language until it was designed for them by the American missionaries, beginning back in 1820. Dating from Captain Cook's discovery, in 1778, of course there were garbled attempts at spelling in English the native names and expressions. *Hawaii* was generally *Owhyee* which incidentally is the strongest argument against a current-day affectation of using the 'v' sound, as *Havaii*.

The 'o' was dropped from all the islands' names except Oahu (the City and County of Honolulu). Oahu is evidently derived from Ouahou in Borneo (see dictionary). The 'o' was really a kind of preposition. In early days if one Hawaiian asked another where he was from, the answer would be "O Hawaii" or "O Kauai," meaning "Of Hawaii" or "Of Kauai," so the early sailors thought that was the whole name.

The missionaries fixed that, however, and they also fixed the soft-sounding "T" of Tahiti, whence the first Hawaiians are believed to have come. Some sections used one, some the other, but the missionary teachers had enough troubles to learn an unwritten language and then relearn it in writing to the Hawaiians so they strove for simplicity. Votes were taken on different letters and when it came to 't' and 'k,' the latter won by the narrow nose of thirteen to twelve. So today it is *Waikiki* instead of *Waititi*.

Waikiki, pronounced 'Weye-kee-kee', signifies 'Spurting or lively water' and the name is supposed to have come from the under-the-waves fresh water springs that bubbled up a few yards from shore. Note the accent on the last syllable, the common pronunciation today in

Honolulu. But some *kamaaina* who follow the older custom of an equal accent on the last two syllables, (Weye-kee'-kee') can point out their authority in Andrews' dictionary.



At Waikiki the big seas for surfing are called *kainalu nui* and provide the sport of kings. Here the Hawaiian helmsman of an outrigger canoe hollers, "*Huki!*"—"Pull!"; or "*Hoe!*"—"Paddle!"—when the right wave for a long and exciting dash shoreward is seen approaching.

Hawaiians are perfectly at home in the seas, or at sea, and make ideal sailors, navigators and ships' officers. Most of the seamen in Island waters are Hawaiians, and I can think of nothing more picturesque than when small boats from some island steamer offshore in the middle of the night are being launched with much kidding and clatter, but no accidents.

Speaking of kings, an authority on Hawaii and on the sea is Hon. Samuel Wilder King, formerly the Territory's efficient delegate to Congress, then Captain King, U.S.N. Retd. and now Governor of the Territory of Hawaii of the well-known King family in Honolulu whose forefathers were seafaring men. The Governor likes to recall some of the bellowed orders of old-time island steamer captains with whom he served before he went to Annapolis.

One of the most expressive was "*Huki ke kaula!*" which, as lines were cast off just before sailing, meant "Pull in the mooring line!"

In docking, if the lines had been cast ashore, the captain might yell, "*Hana paa!*"—"Make fast!"

Why Kick ee?

A more humorous version of how Waikiki got its name is a favorite story of George S. Waterhouse, former president of the Bishop National Bank of Hawaii. In his own words it goes like this:

In the "good old days" when whalers often visited Honolulu, such a vessel was anchored just outside the reef between the entrance of the harbor and Diamond Head. The crew had been invited on shore to a *hula* and *luan* one evening and all had gone from the ship but the captain and the vessel's cook. Toward evening torches blazed on the shore. The delicious odor of well cooked pig was wafted to the whaler. The forms of the *hula* dancers could be seen from where the captain sat.

Altogether it was more than the good captain could stand. He yelled for the sleeping cook and together they got out the dory and rowed toward shore and the *luan*. But the tide was out and the reef bare. They could not cross it in the dory, nor could they find any opening in the reef. By this time sounds of the merriment came to them. The captain was bent on getting ashore. So the boat was anchored on the reef and the cook took off his shoes and took the captain on his back and started wading in toward shore. All at once he stepped into a hole found frequently in the shallow waters inside the reef. Down went the cook with the captain still clinging to his back. Both came up spluttering, the captain swearing mad but no longer on the good cook's back.

The cook lit out toward the shore as fast as he could go, the captain after him. Each time the captain came within reach of the cook he gave him a swift kick in the rear. The cook roared as he raced to the beach and each time as he felt the captain's boot he let out a yell, "Why kickee—why kickee, Mister Captain?"

What's the News?

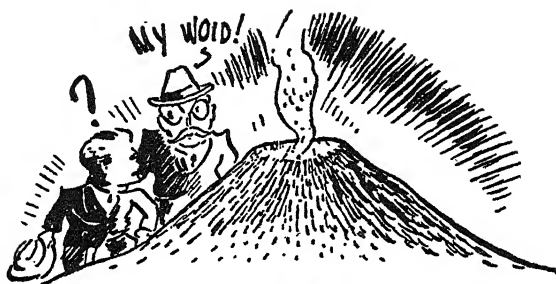
"What's new?" has an appropriate Hawaiian counterpart. "*Heaha ka mea hou?*" (Hay-ah-hah kah may-ah ho) is "What the thing new?" The conversational answer is the same old English, "Nothing new," or "*Aole mea hou.*" *Aole* (ah-oh-leh) is the native's 'no.' *Ae* is 'yes.'

But for a young reporter who had just come down from the mainland there was *Nui na mea hou*—'Much news.' He went to work on a daily newspaper in Hilo, metropolis, and a pretty one, of the 'Big' island of Hawaii. Shortly after he took up his beat, Kilauea, in 1924, staged its first explosive eruption of modern times. Usually Madame Pele, goddess of volcanoes, returns so complaisantly to her abode in the *Halemau mau* firepit that *kamaaina*—'old timer' and *malihini*—'newcomer' alike flock to the national park to welcome and to admire her. But for once she was throwing stones (one pebble she coughed thousands of feet high weighed fourteen tons!) and admirers were viewing her at a distance.

This young reporter with an eruption to cover was having the time of his life on his first big story. But father, back in the States, reading press accounts, was frantic. He cabled "SEE KILAUEA IN ERUPTION AM SENDING CHECK." Wise Dad knew that his son, being a newspaper man, would be broke.

In the meantime Madame *Pele* coughed twice more, dust from her Gargantuan throat went a mile high in dense rolling clouds, and great boulders fell like gigantic hail in the outer crater. Dashing to his desk the reporter wrote his masterpiece. When it was finally finished he sat back and settled down for a quiet smoke. Suddenly he remembered his father's cable. He answered it thus:

"THANKS, DAD. TWO MORE ERUPTIONS; SEND TWO MORE CHECKS."



Wela Nui—Very Hot

On the subject of volcanoes, Gavien A. Bush, Hilo businessman and member of a well-known Island family, says that the one which always gets a laugh is about the American and Englishman who fell in together for the trip from Honolulu to world-famous Kilauea volcano in action in Hawaii National Park. (The trip was overnight by steamer, but now about an hour by fast airplane.) The liquid lava isn't presently (Sept. 1955) flowing in the pit of Halemaumau, but this happened to be a time when Madame Pele, goddess of volcanoes, had graciously donned her most vivid costume.

The American and Englishman got to the edge of the pit after dark and when they saw that vast lake of fire spitting and churning, hardening on the surface and then breaking into jagged fissures as the rock was remelted by the inferno below; when they heard the gnashing and awful rumblings of what seemed the very bowels of the earth in labor, they were properly stupefied and speechless. It was *wela nui* or *ahiahi*—'very hot.' But according to custom the American got his voice back first.

Horried he gasped, "It looks just like hell!"

The Englishman turned and observed with solemn admiration, "My word, you Americans have been everywhere!"

Make Baby!

Hawaiian chauffeur guides driving tourists about to the various points of interest are sometimes put to for the right answer, but they are never stumped. With a sly humor they invent answers or explanations according to their mood or their erudition. Sometimes they point out the cone of the *hala* tree as a pineapple. Casually inspected it does resemble the King of Fruit, but even the most gullible traveller now knows that pineapples do NOT grow on trees. If the drivers run out of description and story, they produce an ukulele and sing island songs.

Sam Peahu, ranking driver-guide on Kauai, indicating an impenetrable mass of *hau*, pronounced 'how,' says that the name started with Captain Cook, the discoverer. The Captain got lost in one of these thickets and kept demanding "how we get out; how we find our way back?" until the natives called it 'How!'

Asked the meaning of *Hanapepe*, the name of a lovely salmon-colored canyon on Kauai, Sam chuckled, mixing truth with pidgin, "*Hana* means 'work' or 'make'; *pepe* is modern Hawaiian for 'baby.' I guess *Hanapepe* means 'make baby!'"

A similar means of translation was applied to the name of a country street on windward Oahu in the lovely Lanikai residential district. The visitor would know the meaning of *Aalapapa*.

The driver said, "*Aala* means 'fragrant'; maybe 'sweet'; *papa*, of course, 'papa.' Then the name means 'sweet papa.'" All of which was fifty percent correct and much more entertaining than the real meaning, 'Fragrant plain.'

Happy New Year

A famous character of Hawaii who has an endless fund of stories, especially of and about the Volcano, is the popular *kamaaina*, George Lycurgus, proprietor now and for many years of the famous Volcano House, who in 1939 celebrated his 75th birthday and the 75th Anniversary of the old Volcano House which was originally a real grass house. One of his inimitable yarns of the Volcano, and Madame *Pele*, is as follows:

"In 1934, we had a pretty good summer, but the start of September the hotel lost all its crowd and we had just Judge B—— and his chauffeur; also Mr. and Mrs. P——. About five o'clock one afternoon I asked Alec, our old guide, 'What's the matter with Pele?' and Alec says, 'Boss, Pele needs a bottle of gin.'

"So early the next morning Alec and I went to the pit with a bottle of gin. I took a drink, as much as I hated to so early in the morning, but Alec, he did justice to it, then we threw the rest in. Sure enough, about three a.m. the next day Pele came back to thank us!

"Judge B—— was sleeping in a cottage next to one in which we'd put a group of Naval Reserve Officers, and some officers from a French ship that was in the harbor. They'd had quite a party—the Judge hadn't been able to sleep and had threatened to leave the hotel. So when I called him at that early hour of the morning, yelling 'Happy New Year, Happy New Year,' because I was excited, he was pretty mad, and said 'Damn you, Lycurgus, this is the last straw, I'm packing right now and leaving.'

"I managed to tell him to look out his window and see what was going on at the pit, so he forgave me.

"The next people I called were the P——. Mrs. P—— answered the phone and when I'd repeated 'Happy New

Year,' she just turned to her husband and said 'That Lycurgus is drunk again.' Very disgusted, too, she was!

"However, I told them what was going on and even though no one was fully dressed we all rushed down to see Pele in all her glory."

Mele Kalikimaka—Merry Christmas

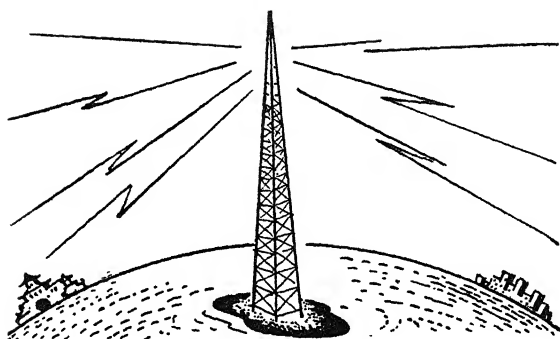
Makahiki (year) is commonly heard in the islands, in conjunction with the Boy Scouts' *Makahiki*; in other words, an annual festive occasion. The salutation "*Aloha Makahiki Hou*"—"Greetings Year New," in place of 'Happy New Year,' is also generally understood by those with a smattering of Hawaiian, although another and more literal expression is "*Hauoli Makahiki Hou*"—"Happy Year New.' Many are now learning to use it on their holiday greeting cards along with the Hawaiian version of "Merry Christmas," which is *Mele Kalikimaka*, merely an adjustment to a more limited alphabet. The whole phrase, *Mele Kalikimaka a me Aloha Makahiki Hou*, becomes somewhat of a tongue twister.

Not so long ago when I was on a trip to the mainland, the representative in San Francisco of a Hawaiian firm phoned to ask if I spoke Hawaiian. I told him honestly that I didn't but asked why. It seemed that this representative had just received a cable from headquarters in Honolulu which ended with a number of unintelligible Hawaiian words. He thought perhaps it was a code.

I told him I had a Hawaiian dictionary and to bring the message down; I'd see what we could do with it.

When the boy arrived with a worried look, I took one glance at the message and then burst out laughing.

"It's good Hawaiian, all right," I said, "but it isn't very serious. It's merely 'Merry Christmas and Happy New Year'!"



Not So Akamai

Another cable wasn't so simple to transmit. And this true story, with a Hawaiian flavor, exemplifies how careful the telegraph companies are about what they accept for delivery.

Walter Macfarlane, a prominent young Hawaiian businessman visiting in New York, received from a friend in Honolulu a jocular message which, to Mr. Macfarlane's way of thinking, merited just one answer, a simple single Anglo-Saxon word. He found a telegraph office, wrote the word and handed it to a young lady at the receiving counter. She looked at it for some time, then suddenly excused herself and shortly returned with the superintendent.

"I'm sorry," the telegraph executive told Mr. Macfarlane, "but we can't accept your message."

"Why not?" the islander demanded, "it's just an ordinary English word."

"That is true," the superintendent agreed, "but for fear it might have a double and vulgar meaning we prefer not to take it."

Good-naturedly the man from Hawaii accepted the ultimatum and departed. But back at his hotel he went to the lobby telegraph booth and offered the same message, except that this time he gave the English word its Hawaiian equivalent. Again the telegraph girl looked puzzled.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Hawaiian," he answered, "and so am I."

"That's all right then," the girl replied. "We'll send it."



Walter, who told the story, mentally complimented himself on his ingenuity, but a few hours later he didn't feel so *akamai*—'smart.' The telegraph girl phoned his room and asked him if he would step down to the desk; there was some difficulty about the message. When he confronted her, there was just a trace of a twinkle in her eye.

"What's wrong with the message?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she said. "Maybe you do? I simply asked you to come down so we could refund the cost because we cannot make a delivery. They won't accept it in Honolulu!"

"I was stymied," Walter related ruefully. "I couldn't send my message from the mainland in English; I couldn't get it into the islands in Hawaiian. I had to wait till I got back and tell him personally."



Aole Ka Hana

Back in 1914, I was a reporter on the Great Falls, Montana, *Leader*. I wanted to move on to bigger if not better things. So I wrote to Riley H. Allen, then as now editor of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*; told him I wanted a job; recited a long list of qualifications, some of which I possessed.

His reply was brief and cordial: *Aole ka hana*—‘no work’—here. That is, he cordially invited me to stay away. He said, in substance:

“If you have a job, stay where you are. This is no place to look for a newspaper position. We haven’t any now, we won’t have any, and if you come down without one, you’d better bring a couple extra pairs of shoes because you’ll wear them out looking for something to do.”

Now let Mr. Allen tell the rest of it:

* * * * *

One busy morning—this was during World War No. 1—we were rushing out an extra about 8 o’clock. There was a steamer in Honolulu harbor that morning from the mainland. A gangling youth came into the *Star-Bulletin* office and said he’d like to see the editor.

I was up to my eyes in work, with a small staff and more things to do than the well-known paperhanger. I told this kid to sit down a minute and I’d talk with him later. He sat down in a chair near my desk. Presently, having shaped up the news for the extra, I dashed out into the ‘back shop’ to supervise the make-up.

An hour later I came out to the front office, the extra being on the street. There was the youthful stranger. I’d told him to wait till I wasn’t so busy, and he waited.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I forgot all about you. This is my first chance to get back to the desk."

"That's all right," he replied blithely. "You're busier than I am. In fact, I'm not busy at all."

"And what was it you wanted to see me about?" I asked.

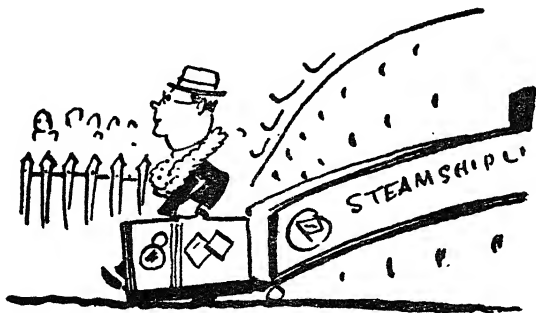
"Well," he replied, "my name is George Armitage of Great Falls. A while back you wrote me and told me under no circumstances to come down looking for a job, so here I am."

I replied promptly, "You have a lot of nerve to come in here and hit me for a job. That's one reason why I'm going to hire you, and the other is that I'm short a man right now and I can use a likely young fellow who will work twenty-six hours a day and like it. Go get your baggage and report for work as soon as possible."

* * * * *

So I took my baggage out of my pocket, put it on a shelf, and went to work.

I've been in Hawaii ever since.



E Hele Kaua—Let's Go!

"Come in and eat," sounds good in any language. In Hawaiian it's "*Hele mai e ai.*" A similar expression of the ever-hospitable natives since Captain Cook came down is, "*Komo mai e noho iho*"—"Come in and sit down, or rest."

A writer of national reputation visiting in Honolulu took a day off to call with a local literary light on a number of the latter's friends. They started before breakfast in the cool of the morning, but after a few informal entrances to friendly circles the visiting man of letters declared that he must eat shortly or desist forthwith from the convivial elbow-bending. The local light assured his friend that food would be forthcoming in due time. Finally the author declared, with all the fire of several highballs sizzling nakedly inside, that he would not take another drink until he had broken his fast.

"All right—at the very next house," the local man said.

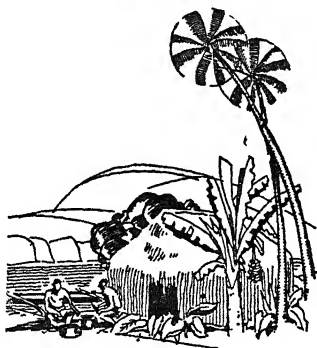
At the 'very next house,' no one happened to be home. Undaunted, the local light with a *hele mai e ai* gleam in his eye, led his mainland friend to the kitchen, found fresh eggs and sliced bacon in the refrigerator, located the coffee pot, and invited his hungry friend to prepare himself a meal.

While the local light, who was more in need of sleep than something to eat, made himself comfortable on a *punee* (pooh-nay)—'couch,' in the living room, the visitor cooked and consumed a good breakfast, washed his dishes and, completely at peace with the world, shook his local friend awake and said, "Come on; let's go; I'm ready for the works now."

The local light awoke, blinking, and exclaimed, "Where—where—are we?"

The visitor stared and began to shiver. "Don't you know?" he gasped.

Sadly shaking his head the local light, who was supposed to know everyone in his part of Honolulu, mournfully staggered to his feet and made for the door. "*E hele kaula*—Let's go—is right," he groaned, "I've never been in this place before!"



Speaking of kitchens reminds me that in old days Hawaiians of means had a grass hut for eating, another for sleeping, etc. Kenneth Byerly, former manager of the Tribune-Herald of Hilo, tells a story of a well-known Hawaiian on the Island of Hawaii, who built a fine new house several years ago and invited a number of his friends, including *haoles*, to a "house-warming."

He proceeded to take his friends on a tour of inspection of the house and pointed with pride to the many new and modern features, including a shower bath, master's bedroom, library, dining room, etc. After he had shown his friends all through the house, one of his *haole* friends asked: "Say, this is very nice, but where's your kitchen?"

The owner stopped, and stared in amazement at his *haole* friend, "I guess I'm *pupule*," he exclaimed. "You know what? I plumb forgot to build a kitchen."

We Don't Vote!

The late Henry L. Holstein of Wailuku, Maui, being a real master of Hawaiian politics, had some interesting tales to tell of campaigning. One experience which he liked to describe had to do with the late Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, for twenty years Hawaii's beloved delegate to the Congress of the United States.

Esteemed by *haole* and Hawaiian alike, genial but always on the job, Prince Cupid, as he was called, continually won fair treatment for Hawaii nationally. The Prince like to *akaaka* (laugh) and to live pleasantly, and he wasn't afraid to laugh at himself. Mr. Holstein told of one occasion when the Prince laughed long and heartily.

The Prince and I were electioneering on the island of Hawaii back in the Fall of 1914 (related Mr. Holstein) and on our way from Hawaii National Park to Hilo we met a group of men working on the road near the Volcano House.

Kuhio got me to ask the *luna* (foreman) if we could say a few words to his gang, and when the privilege was readily granted, the Prince got out of our car and warmed up. As the men rested he talked politics, telling them that he was running again for Delegate; in Congress he would always watch out for his own people; he hoped they would vote for him, etc., etc.

When he had completed a half hour of finished oratory the Prince inquired where they voted, and one of the gang said that they didn't vote at all. The Prince in surprise asked why?

"Because," they told him, "we were sent up from Oahu to repair this road. We are territorial prisoners."

He Ain't Here Too

Several years ago Samuel G. Blythe, *Saturday Evening Post* writer, had the good fortune to be in Hawaii during election time. He was carried away with the fun and color and atmosphere that surrounds and embellishes a native political campaign, and learned that the most polished orator—and the Hawaiian speaks fluently in either his native or adopted tongue—is not necessarily the most popular candidate. Often it is the man or woman with the liveliest, most becoming bevy of music girls in attendance.

A Hawaiian rally is like a circus or a vaudeville show with plenty of straight talks and sound logic interspersed with the entertainment. But knowing the temper of his audience a discerning candidate for county or territorial office will often snatch up an ukulele and expertly thrum his campaign song or a popular Hawaiian hula. One of the 'hottest' politicians on the 'uke' was the late Clem Gomes, popular senator from Kauai, who could almost make the little guitar speak.

Mr. Blythe did an article called *Hoomalimali* (Hoh-oh-molly-molly) which means 'subtle flattery' or in simpler terms, 'soft soap.' He repeated an old favorite in the Islands of the chairman at one political meeting who, out of the corner of his eye, saw that he was losing his audience, and even some of the speakers on his program, to a rival party across the park which evidently was putting on a more interesting show. Undaunted, he arose after a candidate had finished speaking, and 'carried on' something like this:

"The next speaker on the program will be Keoni (John) Kamaka and he ain't here. The next speaker after him will be Keoki (George) Manini. And he ain't here, too."

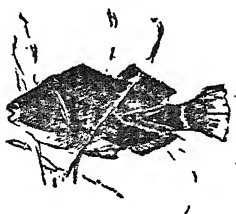
Humuhumunukunukuapuaa Isn't Hard

"I live on fish and *poi* and plenty *moemoe*," was a rollicking line in a popular old song of the islands by the late "Sonny" Cunha. *Poi*, which makes up the major portion of the Hawaiian's diet, is a sticky, starchy paste compounded from the root of the taro. *Moemoe* is sleep. They both almost rhyme with 'boy.' But let us consider the fish, which likewise is an indispensable food for all in the islands. And grand sport for deep-sea game fishermen. Fish is called *ia* (ee-ah), a small word for such a big family. And likewise one of the largest fish caught in Hawaiian waters, the swordfish, modestly answers to *a'u* (ah-oo).



Conversely one of Hawaii's smallest fish, and a gaily designed member of the brilliantly colored denizens of coral reefs and submarine gardens and aquariums, sports the impressive title of *humuhumunukunukuapuaa*. And of course there is a reason. *Humuhumu* signifies a type of trigger fish, the *nukunuku* means 'at the end,' and *puaa* is 'pig.' Therefore the jawbreaker, when taken apart, means, 'a trigger fish the end of which looks like the snout of a pig,' and the *humuhumunukunukuapuaa* does have such a resemblance.

When tourists get so they can roll that name off their tongues, they feel that they have arrived. And it isn't so difficult when it is broken down into *hu* and *mu*, *nu* and *ku*. Here it is phonetically: try it; 'Hoo-moo hoo-moo noo-koo noo-koo ah-poo-ah-ah.' Almost a song in itself.



Malolo—Flying Fish

Hawaii has its 'fish' stories, too. One of the Izaak Walton variety is told by a kamaaina, Charles R. Frazier, an authority on fishing, photography and wherever fancy leads. Mr. Frazier says that a dairyman living in *Kona*, west Hawaii island, on the seashore was disturbed to find his milch cows suddenly drying up. They would be stabled and fed well at night but in the morning, no milk!

Finally the manager hid in a *kiawe*—'mesquite'—bush and after dark he was astounded to see a flock of *malolo*—'flying fish'—soar in from the sea, attach themselves to the cows' udders, and bloat themselves with fresh milk. When the fish could drink no more, they dropped to the ground, slept for a while and then, refreshed, flew back to their more natural haunts in the surf.

The dairyman realized that he could do nothing to prevent this wholesale theft except perhaps build an airtight barn that would keep out the fish. But this would cost too much money, and besides the cows needed plenty of fresh air. One night he suddenly had a bright idea. He leaped from the bushes, snatched up a gunnysack, and filled it with the fish while they still slept. These he iced and shipped to Honolulu's swank tourist hotels, selling them like hotcakes to a responsive market because they were advertised truthfully as 'milk-fed fish!'

Wai Inu—Fresh Water

A kindred tale of fishing is told by the late Dr. T. A. Jaggar, Jr., famous volcanologist who for several years owned and operated a small dairy in the Kona district on the side of Hawaii island opposite from his volcano observatory.

Doctor Jaggar tells of the strange sight sometimes seen in the islands of cows and horses apparently drinking salt water out of the sea. A few yards off shore they will stand with their heads practically submerged. Actually, however, they are gulping *wai inu*—‘drinking water’ from springs that are bubbling up under the sea.

And his fish story is that when the milch cows were driven into the sea for their fresh water fish leaped up and attacked their udders. Thus the cows got a drink but lost their milk. Jaggar says the native farmer who manages his dairy had a special name for the milk house. It was ‘sucking house’!

Another, and a true, story is the sad tale of a young man from the mainland who, under the mystic rays of a Hawaiian moon, fell in love with and became engaged to a lovely island girl. He gave her a beautiful diamond ring to pledge their troth, and sailed away. When he returned a few months later for the marriage, the young lady took him along the old pier that used to project out over the sea away from the Moana hotel and, in the light of another moon, told him the sad old story that there was someone else, and returned his ring.

The jilted mainlander ‘couldn’t take it.’ He was *hookano*—‘proud.’ Furiously he flung the ring into the sea and stalked away, vowing he would never return to

Hawaii. But the call of the islands proved too strong and a year later, when he was able to look at the affair more philosophically, he returned. One day he happened to notice in one of Honolulu's big daily papers that a keen-eyed housewife, cutting up a fish she had bought at the market, slashed smack into a diamond ring. Feeling psychic, the young man looked up the surprised woman, described the ring to her complete satisfaction, and with the payment of a generous reward recovered it.

Whether there was an additional emotional climax to this happy, and at least surprise, ending, I have never learned.

Sharks Don't Bite!

There is another true story, this one about a shark. Fortunately, the *mano*—'shark' does not come inside the coral reefs which protect most of Hawaii's popular bathing beaches, but swimmers might encounter such an undesirable swimming companion in deep water off port. Then man's best protection is said to be to out-bluff the shark by swimming toward it, splashing and making plenty of racket. I hope I never have to test out this strategy personally. The late Lorrin A. Thurston, prominent businessman and statesman of Hawaii and father of Lorrin and Bob Thurston, of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, daily morning newspaper, used to give a stirring account of his experience.

In a small craft he was sailing with a friend in the outer harbor of Honolulu, when he noticed that their rudder had bounced out and was floating far behind. Almost instantly, Mr. Thurston, who was an expert swimmer, shed his shirt and also his shoes, dived overboard and in long easy strokes, swam back for the rudder. But his pants impeded him and he kicked them

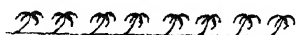
off too. Retrieving the rudder, he turned and started swimming back towards the boat when, to his horror, he glimpsed a terrifying shadow nearby.

Remembering that sharks were supposed to be cowardly, he gulped and made straight for the shadow, flailing the water with mighty strokes as he forged nearer.

"It was so close I could practically feel its hot breath!" he said.

But the shark didn't conform to the accepted theory. It didn't retreat. Mr. Thurston knew he couldn't out-swim the shark to the boat so he decided upon one final desperate maneuver. He would attack on an unexpected flank! Taking a good breath he up-ended and dove straight down, then reversed and surged upward under the shark with the intention of giving the monster a surprise blow in the belly.

As he approached the surface, the now nearly exhausted swimmer thrust upward in one last frantic jab at the terrifying shadow above, only to have it wrap itself in a strangle hold around his neck. And then he nearly died of strangulation—from laughing. For the 'shark' was his discarded dungarees, floating on the surface!



The Hawaiian language is rich in detail, but lacking in words of generality. Frequently a general term must be built up by a combination of the specific. An ideal example is the Hawaiian for 'everything'—*keia mea kela mea*, literally 'this thing, that thing.'

Lapuwale—Worthless

In Hawaii as elsewhere in the United States, traffic keeps to the right—*aoao akau*—but it is a nerve-racking system for visitors from New Zealand and Australia who are accustomed to driving on the left. An elderly New Zealander, taken for his first motor ride along Honolulu's flower-banked avenues, and up through verdant heights of the mountainous suburbs, held his hat and his breath,—his hat because of the cooling 'trades' and his breath because of the kaleidoscopic view.

But when he returned to a downtown office, the husband of the young American woman who had been driving, asked his New Zealand friend if his wife had proved a good driver.

"My word, yes," gasped the New Zealander, "she's been on the wrong side of the road all morning and hasn't hit a thing."

The traffic problem in Honolulu grows more knotty as the cars increase. A traffic safety commission studies it constantly, traffic lanes are marked on the broader avenues, stop-and-go lights and safety islands are being installed at the more congested intersections, and some of the narrower streets have been made one-way.

On the principal one-way thoroughfare, an officer of Honolulu's finest was stunned one day to see a farmer from windward Oahu driving a pair of big raw-boned mules and a wagon against traffic and in the wrong direction. This was too countrified—*kuaaina*—for the cop.

"Hey! *lapuwale*—'Good for nothing,' " the police officer yelled when he recovered partially from the shock, and dashed towards the man from the country. "You can't go this way; *Hele aku oe*—'Go back,' put dem mules in reverse!"

Not on the Job

Honolulu—every island in fact—has an efficient police department. The officers in neatly creased olive drab shirts, trousers to match, snappy military caps and business-like six-shooters in polished leather holsters, make a brave and reassuring picture. But a few years ago, under a more easy-going regime, the Honolulu cops didn't take their responsibilities as seriously as they do today. The islands moved in a more leisurely tempo and the policemen, no less brave or loyal than they are today, were a wee bit more friendly, and less exacting.

A story is told of a young professor at a large school which had several alumni on the police-force who was continually being tagged for over-parking by policemen from a rival school. Finally one of his own alumni took him aside and handed him an old tag.

"Hereafter," the friendly officer advised, "when you park your car tie this tag on the steering wheel. Then no other cop will tag you for parking. He'll think another cop has already been there."

During the not-so-dry days of prohibition, which applied with equal effectiveness to Hawaii, a Honolulu businessman who had staged a little party and needed some more strong liquor stepped out of his office and approached his friend, the cop on the corner.

With no more concern than he would ask the time of day the businessman asked his policeman friend where he could get a gallon of *oke* quickly.

Stopping all traffic, the policeman peered at each corner of the intersection in turn and then shook his head in disgust. "Now wouldn't that gripe you," the cop

exploded, "that big bootlegger's been hanging around here all morning and just when someone wants him he ain't on the job!"

A comely young lady doctor, Bernice L. Gier, had been accustomed to cutting corners, over-parking and in various absent-minded ways violating traffic ordinances. Friendly policemen of the old regime winked, or looked away. Then came the reorganization, and one of the older policemen blew his whistle one day when the young doctor didn't even so much as hesitate at a stop sign.

He strolled over to her. "Doc," he told her mournfully, "things is all changed now and you gotta too."



Traffic policemen used to sit under big umbrellas at intersections. Ensconsed on their thrones, these easy-going officers viewed the passers-by with benign and tolerant eye. The corner of Fort and King was said to be not only the center of Honolulu but the Crossroads of the Pacific, because nearly every nationality bordering that ocean, and others, eventually passed this way. Little could upset or disturb these cordial minions of the law. But one day a social matron of Honolulu cut the corner so close that the top of her car caught the policeman's umbrella and the officer was not only 'taken for a ride' but also for a short spin.

In her big car the woman driver was quite unconscious of the scene which she had created, and the ensuing hilarity of passers-by. But the Hawaiian policeman, for once his dignity more than his authority aroused, leaped from his canvas box and chased her down the street.

When he caught her he sputtered, "Hey, *hele hoi mai oe*—'you come back again'—what you think I am? A merry-go-round?"

Hele Mai—Come On

Eric Knudsen, Kauai *kamaaina*, has a new story for every hour of the day or night. One from early days on the Garden Island also involves 'the law.' A big German plantation *luna*—"foreman"—had sworn out a warrant for assault and battery against John, a wiry little Yankee blacksmith, who, in a row, had knocked the German flat.

All nationalities usually get along with each other in Hawaii and the judge looked thoughtfully at the huge German plaintiff, then at the small Yankee prisoner. Turning courteously to the big German, he said, "You are the plaintiff. Tell the court what happened."

The German at once began his story, but the judge interrupted him and asked why the defendant had attacked him. The German had to admit that he had kicked the defendant's dog.



"And then," said the judge, "what did the defendant say?"

"Why, he said, 'I'd like to knock your block off.'"

"And then what did you say?" asked the judge.

"I said '*hele mai*'—"come on'!" replied the German.

"When you said 'come on,'" resumed the judge, "what did John do?"

"Well, he came on and struck me, and knocked me flat."

"Oh," cried the judge. "He did just as you told him to do and now you sue him in court. What more do you want? You are a difficult man to please. John, you are discharged, and you, Mr. Plaintiff, will pay the cost of court. The court is adjourned for the day. Aloha."

Don't Say Ala Moana Road

The Hawaiian word *ala* means 'road,' or more properly, 'a path'; hence *Ala Moana* Road would be 'The road along the sea road.' *Ala Moana* is enough.

Two other well known roads, now streets, in Honolulu are *Alakea*, the 'White Road,' probably from a coral surfacing; and *Alapai*, the 'pressed' or 'bound-together' road, in the sense of paving. *Alanui* is the technical term of a highway or a 'big road' or avenue. *Kamehameha* Highway which encircles most of Oahu would be an *Alanui*; likewise, the *Mamalahoa* Highway, also named for *Kamehameha*, around the Island of Hawaii.

The word *Mamalahoa*—'splintered paddle,' is taken from the great King's famous edict, following a narrow escape from death at the hands of a pair of fishermen he had without provocation molested, and who had broken a canoe paddle over his head, that the women and children might lie down in the open highway in safety.

It was his son, Kamehameha III who later (in 1843) said something similar that became the motto of Hawaii: "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*"—"Is preserved the life of the land in the right," when the islands were returned to their native sovereignty by Admiral Thomas of the British navy after temporarily seizing them.

One of Hawaii's sterling citizens, the late Ed Towse, whose wit will be long remembered in the Islands and who admired Kamehameha greatly, once offered to donate the original *ihe*—'spear'— of Kamehameha to a proposed new museum in Honolulu.

"Of course," said Ed, grinning, "this spear in the span of a hundred and fifty years has had many new shafts and several new points but it is still essentially the same spear that Kamehameha carried!"

Lele Is Leaping

Hele, mele, lele, constitute a group of Hawaiian words, commonly seen and used and commonly mispronounced. Some generally rhyme them with "Nellie," while more correctly they should rhyme with 'daily' or even better, with the Irish "shillala." The first 'e' in all these words is the English long 'a,' and the second 'e' is like 'eh,' thus *hele* is correctly said 'hay-leh' and the others likewise. It is a mistaken belief that all Hawaiian vowels are long. The last in a word is often short.

Hele is the movement to or from. *Hele mai* means 'come here' and *hele aku*, 'go there.' *Mele* is a Hawaiian song or chant, and *lele* is 'leaping.' *Lele* appears in many well-known and beautiful Hawaiian words or sayings. *Pali lele* was the old native sport of leaping off the cliffs; *wailele* is 'water leaping' or a waterfall; *ukulele* is a 'louse leaping,' the name given to the tiny guitar. And this is pronounced 'oo-koo lay-leh' not 'you ka lel lee.'

Mokulele is a 'boat flying'—an airplane—with which Hawaii is well equipped and fully conversant. Mammoth ships of the air cross the Pacific to Hawaii, and big planes fly on hourly schedule between the principal members of the Hawaiian group. These intrepid pioneer fliers, Kingsford-Smith and Amelia Earhart, who have passed to the aviators' Valhalla, made fame for themselves and the islands which were their stepping stones. And also Maitland and Hegenberger; Commander John Rodgers; Smith and Bronte; Martin Jensen; who all braved the trackless depths but lived to tell the tale.

Maitland and Hegenberger of the U. S. Army in 1927 were the first to cross the 2200-mile expanse of water by air, and their goal, a tiny spark which was the Kilauea lighthouse on the northernmost island of Kauai, they hit straight on the nose. Commander Rodgers of the U. S. Navy started from the mainland in a seaplane, and, strange as it may seem, finished his journey, also on Kauai, in a submarine!

Smith and Bronte landed, out of gas, in a *kiawe* tree on Molokai, July 15, 1927, and Martin Jensen ran second and won \$10,000 in the disastrous Dole air derby in August 1927. And thereby hangs a tale of his *mokulele* which is current in the Islands.



All through the night, and long after the first airplane, co-piloted by Goebel and Davis, had arrived at Schofield Barracks to cop the first prize of \$25,000, Mrs. Jensen paced the field, worrying and wondering about her husband. In the meantime, flying straight as an arrow, Martin Jensen had successfully negotiated the watery desert which had claimed in death other competitors, but just before sunrise by his reckoning, he should be near Hawaii.

His navigator, Paul Schluter, was a sea captain who had never been in the air before, and in order to get his bearings must have a shot on the sun. They began to circle till the sun shone and then, their position determined, shot like a hawk straight for Honolulu to win second money (\$10,000). When they roared down on the field, weary, oil-smeared and grimy, and taxi-ed up to the waiting crowd, Mrs. Jensen, in vast relief, was in the van. But, remembering the first prize of \$25,000 that has gone glimmering, her first words of endearment were, "Martin, where in the hell have you been?"

Woodsman Spare That (Banana) Tree

The *lau-hala* is the fibrous material from which mats, hats, bags and various novelties are woven in Hawaii. The tree which gives the leaves is erroneously called the *lau-hala* but actually it is the *hala*, because the *lau* is the leaf, and *lau-hala* is the leaf of the *hala* tree. To others the *hala* tree would be better known as the screw-pine or pandanus.

There are many queer trees in Hawaii, imported from all over the earth—the fire-cracker tree with blossoms that explode, the ice-cream tree, the lip-stick tree, the poison tree, and the travellers' tree, sometimes called the travellers' palm. It is known as the travellers' tree because its cup-like leaves are a source of drinking water on barren deserts, and not because it travels. In a sense the *hala* might be considered a 'travelling tree' because it actually walks by sending stilt-like roots down hill and sometimes changing position. The *kiawe*, *ohia*, *lehua*, *kukui*, monkey-pod, banyan and *cocopalms* are Hawaii's commonest trees.

Everything in Hawaii grows with phenomenal speed. Plant a hibiscus today and it seems to bloom tomorrow. And some fruits and flowers mature and die just as rapidly. Most of the hundreds of colorful hibiscus flowers live but a day, and the banana only long enough to bear a crop.

Ray M. Allen, for several years manager of Kilauea Sugar Plantation on Kauai, and long in the same position with the Wailuku Sugar Company on Maui, is a popular host and entertainer. One of his stories, as follows, has to do with the short life of the banana tree:

When we were living in Lahaina (he says) one of my favorite relatives was visiting us, and one afternoon when we were sitting on the porch with a drink in each

hand (his hand and mine, I mean) he looked up at a banana tree that was growing in the yard, and said: "You know, Ray, I have never eaten a banana fresh from the tree."

Whereupon I, noting that one bunch of bananas was nearly ripe, called the yardman and told him that this uncle wanted to eat one right off the tree.

Nakamia promptly disappeared, came back in a few minutes with a cane knife, and he started to cut down the tree.

My uncle's eyes kept getting wider and wider, and finally he said: "Well, I'll be damned! I have a lazy friend on the Coast who owns a peach orchard, but after watching this, I'll never dare ask him for a peach off the tree!" He didn't realize that a banana tree matures only one bunch!



The sausage tree on the University of Hawaii campus is one of Hawaii's popular freaks. From its branches hang big pods a foot or two long and several inches thick that look like huge sausages. Dr. David L. Crawford, former president of the University, declares with pride that there are many things far more interesting on his campus than the sausage tree, and then with a wry smile he says that because the University planted a breadfruit tree along side, folks claimed that the 'U' was trying to compete with the hot dog stands of the town!

That is something like the old saw that Captain Cook, following a close inspection of the shore line when he first discovered the group, immediately named them the Sandwich Islands. Why? Because he saw a pig standing between two breadfruit trees! Anyhow the then Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the British Navy, for whom the Islands were really named, did also invent, and name, the 'Sandwich.'



Lawa—Enough!

For variety when you are buying flower leis for special occasions, look at a lei and say, "*Heaha kou makemake?*"—"What do you want?" or "*Ehia ko keia?*"—"How much is this one?"

And if you want to hear an explosion, to any price the lei seller quotes, say, "*Pipii loa*"—"Too much!"

If you really don't want any more leis say: "*Aole makemake wau*"—"I don't wish"—or, "*Lawa*"—"Enough."

And if you want to make one of these jolly lei women who line the streets for three blocks with their fragrant wreaths on steamer day, forget her business a moment and laugh heartily, ask her in Hawaiian "*Ua male oe?*"—"Are you married?" (The noun often comes last.)

If she replies, as she probably will, "*Ae*"—"Yes," then respond, "*Auwe; pau ae la ka pono!*"—"Too bad; no more hope!" i.e., "No more the right!"

The Plural of Mongoose!

Mention of wedlock brings up the exploded theory often propounded that the slinky mongoose which Hawaii imported to exterminate the rats, married into the rodent family instead. It's a good, but not a true, wedding story. And that brings us logically to a mongoose story greatly appreciated in the Islands. It is told by Isobel Field, step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, in her beautiful book, **THIS LIFE I'VE LOVED**.

Stevenson spent many happy months in Hawaii, and much of his step-daughter's book deals with the absorbing times of the Hawaiian monarchy. The story is told as one which Stevenson prized. Briefly it is this:

A man got on a train carrying a small wooden box with slats across the top. A friend asked him what was inside and was told a mongoose.

"But what in the world are you doing with a mongoose?" the friend enquired.

"It's this way," the man with the box explained, "I have a sick friend in the hospital. He has been drinking so heavily that he has the delirium tremens. He sees snakes. As you know, a mongoose kills snakes, so I am taking him one."

"But those are not real snakes," his friend snorted.

To which the man with the box nonchalantly replied, "And this isn't a real mongoose!"

A question frequently asked in the islands is, "What is the plural of mongoose?" It is mongooses.

Jim McInerny said a school boy on the Hamakua coast of Hawaii had a unique answer. When his teacher asked him the plural of mongoose he replied:

"Plenty mongoose!"

Halemaumau—House of Ferns

"*E hele ana oe i Kilauea?*" is the question, "Are you going to the volcano of Kilauea?" and the answer is usually "yes," especially if the crater is active, i.e., if live lava is flowing in the pit of *Halemaumau*. There is that name *Hale* again and while it still means 'house,' the *maumau* does not mean 'everlasting fire' as commonly supposed but rather 'many ferns,' because the crater lies adjacent to one of the most magnificent forests of giant tree ferns in existence. And we cannot leave this fascinating place of *Pele* without a few more stories about it.



A young maiden tourist from the mainland travelling with her mother had been reared under a strict old-fashioned hell-fearing code of morals. Viewing the fiery inferno and its molten, surging, scarlet mass of earth in the making, the horror-stricken girl turned to her mother and gasped, "Thank God, mama, I'm a good girl!"



An elderly couple from Alabama, on a world cruise that offered a one-day shore excursion to the National Park areas, likewise stood stupefied one day on the edge of the pit. Spell-bound they gazed with unbelieving eyes at the working and tumbling lava, and choking occasionally from vagrant fumes which floated up from the cauldron. Suddenly the woman with a horrified expression on her face turned to her husband and gasped, "Henry, that reminds me (they had been gone from home now about three months) ; we left the gas on!"

Puiwa—Astounded!

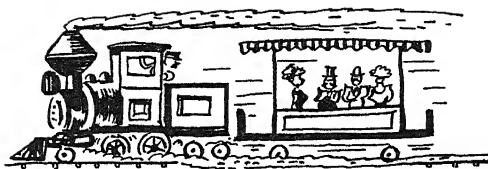
A. E. Kirk, who was then president of the Rapid Transit Company which operates a large fleet of silver buses, both trolley and gas, in Honolulu, has another volcano story which he likes to tell to his Los Angeles friends, about a promotionist in the islands who was entertaining a visiting friend from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. But with everything he saw in the islands, the Southern Californian was politely unimpressed. There was always something just a little better in the Sunny Southland. In desperation the Hawaiian publicity man took his California friend to view the volcano of Kilauea. It was especially active and the islander timed his trip so that arrival at the rim of the pit would be at night. The stupendous spectacle for once took the Los Angeles booster's breath away.

"And now," the island promotionist gloated, "have you got anything within the limitless confines of the City of the Angels to beat that?"

Silently and sadly the Los Angeleno shook his head. He was *puiwa*—'astounded.' Then suddenly he brightened. "But I'll tell you what we have got," he declared. "We've got a fire department that could put that whole show out in about fifteen minutes!"



Incidentally, Senator Charles S. Crane, former mayor of Honolulu, declares that Honolulu has put Los Angeles to shame in another way. He claims that Honolulu is the largest city and county in the world! Join its three extremities—Oahu, Pearl and Hermes Reef, and Palmyra—together and you have a vast triangle that encloses 540,000 square miles!



Alahao—Way of Iron

The 'Jim Hill' of Hawaii was B. F. Dillingham who conceived and built the Oahu Railway which in turn contributed largely to the development of Hawaii's sugar and pineapple industries. Business leaders of Hawaii today are "B. F.'s" sons, Walter F. Dillingham and Harold G. Dillingham who head several large industrial concerns in Hawaii as well as the railway.

A railway is known in Hawaii as *alahao*—'road of iron.' In 1939 the Oahu Railway celebrated its 50th anniversary. Tracks were completed for about one mile to the Palama rice fields in September 1889. To celebrate its first mile the railway invited a number of dignitaries in all their best bib and tucker to ride on two canopy-top flat cars. And then came catastrophe.

The engineer in setting up the first locomotive (*kaa-ahi*) which had been shipped to Hawaii knocked down with all its parts carefully encased in a heavy grease, had neglected to wipe the grease out of the boilers. Naturally, when he had up full steam and the first passenger train to run on Oahu got under way, the grease made the water foam and when the steam blew off, invited guests were treated to a shower of dirty water. Then the engine balked and everyone walked home, some rather disgusted, but all very conscious that the Oahu Railway had come to stay. (Now truck-operated.)

Moku-ahi is the word commonly used for a steamship; literally 'boat-fire,' but more correctly steamship would be *mokumahu*. Ships are called *moku* because natives thought when they saw the first ships approaching (those of Captain James Cook, the discoverer of Hawaii in 1778) that they were floating islands. In Hawaii 'island' is also *moku*.

A musical Hawaiian expression about the sea is *kai-kupikipikio*—'a choppy sea'; *malie* is 'quiet' or 'still.' But no seas were too choppy for an islander of early days in Honolulu who in a naming contest won an annual pass on a new inter-island steamer. The story was told by the late George P. Denison, well known *kamaaina* and then vice president of the Oahu Railway.

When the contest was closed the lucky winner immediately went aboard and stayed there. He adopted the biblical saying "Whither thou goest I will go" and stuck to it. Inasmuch as the island steamers supplied meals with passage, the winner's livelihood was secured for one year. He became the most travelled man in the islands. He made the same trip each week, and since the new steamer was practically always at sea, so was he!

An old waterfront story in Honolulu is about the *malihini* who was assiduously trying to learn the Hawaiian language. The principal stumbling block was its pronunciation. Patiently his mentor explained that he must pronounce every syllable and that every syllable ended in a vowel, also pronounced. Finally the language student thought he had it and went through several long Hawaiian words perfectly.

"And now how would you say that?" the mentor asked, pointing to a sign near a wharf.

"Pee-peh-lee-neh" was the immediate response.

"No," said the mentor, "that's just plain pipe-line!"

Ports of Call

Stanley C. Kennedy, when president of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co., which handled much of the heavy freight business between the Islands, very pertinently claimed that a liberal education in the Hawaiian language, at least in pronunciation, may be obtained by considering the names of some of their former steamers—*Haleakala*, *Hualalai*, *Waialeale* and *Kilauea*, or by a trip to some of the Inter-Island's principal island ports as *Nawiliwili*, *Eleele*, *Honolulu*, *Kaunakakai*, *Lahaina*, *Kahului*, *Kaunapali*, *Hilo*, *Kawaihae*, *Mahukona* and *Kailua*.

Those names are all in the day's work for the Inter-Island but the very looks of them spell romance to visitors and tourists from far away. Knowing this, Kennedy says that when he and his chums from the islands were attending college on the mainland they sang the air to lots of Hawaiian songs. But not remembering all the words, they would string together names of islands, towns, harbors and streets, such as the above, and mainlanders were none the wiser. In fact they thought the boys from Hawaii were plenty *akamai*.

Generally speaking, the islands of Hawaii are counties, but in all three instances, except that of the Big isle and county of Hawaii, other islands are included in the same county. Thus the paradox: Oahu is larger than Kauai. But the County of Kauai is larger than the Island of Oahu. Why? Because the Island of Niihau, famed cattle ranch of the Robinson family, is a political part of the County of Kauai.

A Wonderful Climate!

Words with *pua* in them have to do with flowers, as: Pualani—'heavenly flower.' And words embracing *niu* are related to the coconut. *Uluniu*, the name of a well-known private Waikiki swimming club for women, means 'spreading coconut,' and *Niūmalu*, a popular Honolulu hotel, is 'shady coconut.'

On Honolulu's most impressive business artery, Bishop Street, where stately new commercial offices in perfect alignment and pleasing symmetry form a frame for the green mountains at the upper end of the street and the blue sea of the harbor at the other, a striking edifice, the Alexander & Baldwin building, was completed recently, and the next morning towering clumps of cocopalms in full leaf and forty feet high sprouted from corners of the block-long building.

To John Waterhouse, late president of 'A & B,' a tourist who had seen the building unadorned with greenery only the night before, exclaimed as he rubbed his eyes in amazement, "Those palms weren't here yesterday; how did it happen, or am I seeing things?"

"It's just our wonderful climate," Mr. Waterhouse declared. "Things grow very rapidly here!"

Actually, in the dead of night when traffic was at its lowest ebb, the giant cocopalms, donated by Charles R. Frazier as the first "bouquet" for the new building, had been moved with their roots carefully encased in huge drums on heavy trucks from a vacant lot two miles away, set in holes previously prepared, and safely guyed with stout wires. And till their roots took hold in the new locale, Mr. Waterhouse explains that they had to be watered at the top from the four-story roof, so that the fronds could absorb enough moisture to keep the sap running.

Pleasure Bent!

Directly across the street from the Alexander & Baldwin building just mentioned, stands the brown tile rampart of the Theo. H. Davies & Co. building.

Former manager of the steamship department of Davies' (Canadian Pacific—Cunard, etc.) was Harry L. Dawson, who has his own *bon mot* regarding cocopalms. Harry says he often casually remarks to tourists in Honolulu that the cocopalms are never erect, but that they all slope at a decided angle, often out over the sea.

"Why is that?" the tourist usually asks.

"Oh, they're just like you," Mr. Dawson replies with that deadly gleam which comes in every punster's eye. "They're all pleasure bent!"

And that is the only pun that will be found in this book! Although there is an island legend that falling coconuts never strike humans on the head, a school teacher once phoned the Hawaii Tourist Bureau in great agitation to refute it. Perhaps it hit Harry!



Across the street *mauka* from the 'A & B' building is the stately white granite home of Castle & Cooke, Ltd., agents for several extensive plantations and also the Matson Navigation Co., principal carrier between the mainland and Hawaii. Before World War II the popular passenger agent there, Earle G. Hedemark, had another cocopalms story. He saw it in a national magazine a few years ago.

A tourist with a worried look on his face reclined under a palm on the beach. A friend asked him what was wrong? "I'm in an awful fix," came the reply. "I can't remember what I came here to forget!"



Who You?

There is an inherent dignity about the Chinese which sometimes humbles the *haole*. A plantation manager, for instance, one morning saw a strange Chinese man standing in line before the paymaster's office and, not recognizing him, walked up and said "What's your name?"

The Chinese immediately retorted, "Who you?"

"Never mind who I am," the plantation manager, somewhat nettled, replied. "I said what's your name?"

Again the Chinese shot back "Who you?"

And no matter how many times the manager asked his name the Chinese kept replying "Who you?" to a chorus of mounting amusement on the part of bystanders.

Finally the manager shouted, "I'm the manager of this plantation and I demand that you tell me your name!"

Very patiently the old Chinese again replied, "My name *Hoo You!*"

Hiki No—Can Do

Hiki no is commonly understood in Hawaii even by those who know little Hawaiian. In pidgin it is 'can do,' a general sign of agreement. If you ask your chauffeur if he can meet you at your office with the car in fifteen minutes he might say "*Hiki no.*" Or if you ask a lei woman if she can make you a lei of fresh *maile* she might say "*Hiki no,*" meaning that she can and will do it. *Pololei* for 'all right' or 'okeh' and *maikai* for 'good' are also used. There's a silly island saying, "*Pololei fine, maikai good!*"

Unless one is Hawaiian it is difficult to get the proper liquid pronunciation, as soft as the liquid sunshine (rain from the mountains blown into the sunshine before). Consider that common word *maikai*—"Good."

I take the English 'eye,' add the prefix 'm' and 'k,' and say, 'meye keye,' but this isn't quite right. Phonetically, it should be 'mah-ee, kah-ee,' and perhaps a little more running together of the diphthong 'ai.' But some old Hawaiians say it something like 'may-kay.' Hawaiian has to be learned by ear as well as by note.

Another term of agreement in a different sense is *kokua*, which means literally, 'to assist,' but is frequently used as a sign of approval. If a speaker in Hawaii were to refer to some subject in which his audience were in agreement, he would probably hear several shouts of *kokua*, as 'hear-hear' in English.

Manao (mah-nah-oh) is a Hawaiian word frequently used by the non-Hawaiian speaking *haole*. If a Hawaiian asked your opinion on some subject he might say, "*Heaha kou manao?*"—"What (is) your thought?" If you were an attorney he might add, "*Manuahi,*" meaning he expected your opinion free, or without charge.

Many English given names have their Hawaiian equivalents. Some are merely an attempt with the more restricted alphabet to say the same word as 'George'—*Keoki*; 'Jim'—*Kimo*; 'Charlie'—*Kale*; 'Johnnie'—*Keoni*; 'Jack'—*Keaka*; 'Ruth'—*Luka*; 'Rose'—*Loke*; 'Mary'—*Mele*; 'Louise'—*Luika*; etc. Surnames with a Hawaiian equivalent would, of course, take that, as: 'White'—*Keokeo*; 'Black'—*Eleele*; 'Stone'—*Pohaku*; 'Street'—*Alanui*, etc.

If one asks a pretty Hawaiian girl, "*Owai kou inoa?*"—"What is your name?"—she may reply to your question with: *Lani*—'Heavenly'; *Nani*—'Beautiful'; *Pua*—'Flower.' Or perhaps the foregoing will be combined with some such word as *Maka*—'Eyes,' as: *Makapua*—'Eyes like a Flower.'

Words like *buke*—'book'; *kula*—'school'; *pipi*—'beef,' are as close as the English words can be said in Hawaiian.

Kaikunane is 'brother' in Hawaiian, and *kaikua hine* is 'sister,' but Lieut. Harold Coffin, U.S.N.R., for several years in charge of publicity for the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, tells of an Island boy who said, "I got two bruddas, an' one—oh, what you call dat other kindda brudda?—oh yes—seestah; seestah—that's what I mean!"



Pooh-Pooh Street

A Hawaiian boy would not like to hear *E hele ana oe i ke kula*—‘You go to school’ or *Hele aku oe*—‘Go away.’ *Kulikuli* is another term which Hawaiian parents sometimes use to admonish their offspring. It means ‘be still.’ One of Hawaii’s beautiful trees with a golden blossom shaped as a tiny trumpet has the same name, ‘The Be-Still Tree,’ but it is not called *kulikuli*.

Another Hawaiian word in common usage in the Islands is *mahope*, which is similar to the Spanish ‘manana,’ and the Russian ‘siechas,’ i.e., ‘later’ or ‘bye and bye.’ *Mahope* is generally mispronounced with an English ‘hop’ in it while actually the sound is ‘mah-hoh-peh.’ Sometimes Hawaiians are very brief and again they require several words to express an English language idiom. For instance, “See you later” in Hawaiian would be ‘*Mahope no wau ike ia oe.*’

The prefix *hoo* is the causative. Thus, *hoomalimali*, a bantering word in Hawaiian which means a subtle sort of flattery, pronounced (hoh-oh-molly-molly); and *hoo-manawanui*—‘to be patient,’ and *hoolaulea*—‘to get together’; *hoonanea*—‘the spirit of taking life easy.’

The prefix *ma* means ‘toward.’ *Mauka* is ‘toward the inland’; *makai*, ‘toward the sea’; *mawaena*, ‘toward the middle’; *maluna*, ‘toward the upperside’ or ‘above.’ Directions in Hawaii are commonly given with these terms. The *mauka-Waikiki* corner would be readily understood as the corner towards the inland and on the side towards the Waikiki district.

In Hawaii, if one says he is *hilahila* (hee-lah hee-lah), he is ashamed, although the word is sometimes used erroneously to mean ‘cranky’ or ‘stubborn.’

Hawaii Is U.S.A.

Former Governor Joseph B. Poindexter, an able executive of the Territory of Hawaii, U.S.A., appointed by the President of the United States, was very proud of the Islands and very indignant when fellow-citizens on the mainland who should know better wrote to "The American Consul — Honolulu," thus implying that Hawaii is a foreign country. The Governor also frequently received letters with a five-cent stamp affixed when three would be sufficient, and sometimes epistles in Spanish. "They get us mixed up with the Philippines," smiled the former Governor tolerantly, "even though Manila is more than 5000 miles west of us."

* * * * *

In the legislature of Hawaii, when roll call on a motion or a bill is taken, a member may vote *kanalua*. That means he is 'undecided.' At the end of the roll call he will be canvassed again to see if he has made up his mind.

* * * * *

Incorrect pronunciation makes a great and humorous difference in Hawaii. For instance, in a suburban district certain residents are unmercifully ragged because they live on *Poopoo* street. But *Poopoo* is not pronounced 'Pooh-pooh' but 'Poh-oh poh-oh.'

* * * * *

If something is out of alignment, it is *kapakahi*.

* * * * *

Nui ka wela, *Nui ka hana*, *Nui ka ua*, are passing pleasantries in the islands. 'Very warm,' 'Much work,' 'Plenty of rain,' they would be in English.

Aloha Nui Kakou

One of the first things a tourist in Hawaii tries to learn is a toast. There are several. *Aloha oukou*—‘Greetings or love to all of you,’ is the commonest, although more intimately it would be *Aloha nui kakou* which means ‘all of you and including myself.’ Another is *Me ka mahalo*—‘With the thanks.’ *Me ke aloha pau ole* is ‘With love or good wishes without end,’ and more formally *Ka hana maa mau o ka aina*—‘The courtesies of the land.’

Along about the third drink it may be *Maluna malalo mawaena*, but this must be accompanied by the ceremony of touching the toastee’s glass with yours at the top, the bottom and the middle, for this is literally what you have said: ‘The top, the bottom, the middle,’ in other words, ‘All and every way.’

As the party progresses there will be shouts of *kani-kapila*—‘strike up the band,’ or *Okole maluna*. The latter is meant for ‘Bottoms up’ but literally it means, ‘Your backside upwards.’ Members of the fair sex are somewhat embarrassed, when they discover this meaning and hastily discard the toast. *Papa ku maluna* would be better. Likewise they quit using *Pahea kou piko?* when they learn that it means ‘How is your navel?’

The word *okole* (oh-koh-leh) is found again in *okole-hao* (abbreviated to *oke*, pronounced ‘oak’), the name of Hawaiian moonshine liquor (not legally distilled). This means literally ‘the backside or butt of iron,’ and is supposed to have originated from the early crude distillation when an old rifle barrel was used for the condenser, and the alcohol dripped from the butt, or *okole*, of the iron.

Related to the other end of *okolehao* is a snappy toast, the single word *welakahao* or a kind of whoopee! However, it has no such meaning. *Wela* in Hawaiian, is 'warm' or 'hot,' and *ka hao* is 'the iron,' hence 'hot the iron' and it originated in the blacksmith days and in the iron works. The shout "*welakahao*" meant literally 'The iron is hot' or 'Strike while the iron is hot,' so today it is taken to mean 'Hot stuff.'



Poison Oak

Dr. W. H. Hill, Senator from Hawaii in the Territorial Legislature and a leading Hilo businessman, has a sense of humor and a fund of stories to keep it keen.

Regarding *oke* which I have just defined, he says a lady tourist visiting the Hawaii National Park areas and following a young Hawaiian guide through dense shrubbery suddenly asked, "Do you have any poison oak in this district?"

Now the young Hawaiian's knowledge of oak was confined only to *oke*, pronounced the same way.

Very simply and sincerely he answered, "I don't know, ma'am, I don't drink."

Vowel Trouble in Hawaiian

Puuwai is 'heart' (literally 'bulging water' because Hawaiians once thought the heart to be a swelling of water) and *puuwai* is also used for 'sweetheart' although *ipo* is the more exact word and *kuu ipo*, often heard in old Hawaiian songs, is 'my sweetheart'; *huapala* is also 'sweetheart.' And in Hawaii, when a boy is dancing with his *kuu ipo* he can always tell when to start begging for the next number from the concluding phrase—*Haina ia mai ana kapuana la*, which finishes off every song. It means 'My story is ended' and while it may be repeated once, it invariably ends that encore.

If the girl says while dancing, "*Hauoli maoli au*," her escort would never answer, "*Luhi maoli au*," for she has said, 'I am very happy' and the other phrase means 'I am very tired.' He might better say "*Ui maoli oe*"—"You are very beautiful." (Beautiful indeed you.)

Dancing, music, song, play important parts in the life of Hawaii, but one should be careful with his compliments. George Cherry, long host at the Kona Inn, tells of a reporter on a Honolulu newspaper who had been only a few weeks in the Islands, in 'covering' the debut of a talented young Hawaiian girl from the Kona district on the Island of Hawaii, likened her to a real Kona nightingale. That was unfortunate, for in Hawaii a Kona nightingale is the name of the diminutive donkeys that bray through the night.

Aloha, however, is usually appropriate, either going or coming. It means hello, good-bye, love and friendly feelings especially in greetings and farewells.

Some words in the Hawaiian language do not have a single consonant. Take for instance, the name *Aiea*, a town near Honolulu. It is pronounced 'ah-ee-ah'

but blended so that it becomes practically 'eye-ay-ah.' Another tiny all-vowel word that has wormed its way into Webster's dictionary, and a favorite with crossword puzzle fans, is *aa* (ah-ah), a clinkery kind of lava.

Sometimes two, and even three *a* vowels are found joined together in a single Hawaiian word as *Kaaaawa*, a place on the island of Oahu. And one might make up a word with 'a' six times in a row as: *kaaaaaa*—"the lonely lava!"

Truly, as some wit said, the Hawaiian language suffers from 'vowel' trouble. *Kuu puu* is a good name, and grunt, for a house on a peak. It means 'My hill!'

And a Hawaiian name may be blocks long or composed of just two letters as *Ii* (Ee-ee), a well-known Hawaiian estate, or even the single *I* (Ee), the last name of a popular resident of the Island of Kauai.

Say Ah!

E. H. Bryan, Jr., Curator of Collections, Bernice Bishop Museum, says: "—whether the name is *Kealiiahunuihokipoki*, *Kapohakunuikimohewa* or *Ii*, one should not become frightened at Hawaiian names, but should first divide the words off into syllables, such as (Ke-a-li'i a-hu-nui ho-ki po-ki Ka-po-ha-ku nui-ki-mo-he-wa), and then sing it as one would the latest hula, always using the line of least resistance and sounding everything."

In other words, say *ah* and keep saying it, with variations.

However, saying *ah* in Hawaiian sometimes means nothing. For instance, the *ea ea* (ay-ah ay-ah, heard in native chants is simply inserted for sake of euphony and expression.

Newspaper men in Honolulu soon learn to take their Hawaiian words, long or short, in their stride. They accomplish this largely by following Professor Bryan's recommendation to break the word down into its component parts. When I first came to Honolulu and went to work on the *Star-Bulletin* I was floored by such weighty-looking words as, *Kauikeolani*, *Liliuokalani*, *Kalaniana'ole*, and *Kawananakoa*, but they soon fell from the keyboard as easily and as naturally as 'Smith,' 'Brown' and 'Jones.'

Here is a sample, in 1939, of an ordinary news item in the *Honolulu Advertiser*: "Princess Theresa Owana Kaohelani, descendant of Hawaiian royalty, observed her seventy-ninth birthday anniversary yesterday. The Princess is the daughter of Prince Gideon Kailipala-kiokinau Laanui and Princess Kamaikaopoikawekiukalani!"

The Way to Tahiti

There are two fairly long Hawaiian words that look and sound very much alike, but which have entirely different meanings, *Kealaikahiki* and *Kahalakahiki*. The first is the name of a channel between the islands of Kahoolawe and Lanai in the Hawaiian group and it means 'The way to Tahiti,' supposedly the jumping off place for early voyagers returning to Tahiti. The second, *Kahalakahiki*, is the native name for pineapple, and means literally, 'the pandanus (*hala*), from a foreign place like Tahiti.'

Hawaii is supposed to have been settled by explorers from Tahiti, in fact the very name *Hawaii* according to the Polynesian scholar, Dr. Peter H. Buck, is taken from *Havaii*, the olden name of one of the Society Group of which Tahiti is a principal part. The exact meaning

of the name *Hawaii* is lost in antiquity, but some ethnologists think it might be 'Little Java,' from or through whence early Polynesians are thought to have come. The *Hawa* or *Hava* might be the 'Java,' and the *ii* could be *iki* meaning 'small.' In Hawaii and Havaii, both Hawaiians and Tahitians dropped the 'k' out of *iki*—'small,' and made it *ii* (ee-ee).

Paniolo is the Hawaiian name for cowboy and comes from 'Spanish' or 'Spaniard' because Hawaii's first instruction in the cow-punching art in which they now excel on the vast Parker Ranch on Hawaii and elsewhere, came from Spanish Mexico. *Kao* (pronounced like cow) is 'goat,' and a pest on some of the islands.

The late Allan Wall, *kamaaina* of the Kona district and Kealakekua, Hawaii, told whimsically of a *kao* round-up a few years ago in which cowboys, national guardsmen, boy scouts, rangers and ranchers participated in a widespread effort to rid that district of the pest that destroys the ranges. Over the rough *aa* lava, the going was tough and even thick-soled shoes didn't last long.

Wall said they corralled and slaughtered about 5000 goats, but another 5000 got away, and then they had a real round-up, not to gather the remaining goats, but rather the many rounder-uppers lost or marooned because their shoes had worn out on the lava.

The Walls' post-office, *Kealakekua*, is in a pretty country with a lovely name and again you meet the *ala*—'the way.' *Ke-ala-ke-kua* is, then, word for word, 'The-way-the-gods' or 'The pathway of the gods.' The Walls' little country inn on the side of a coffee mountain, has another sweet-sounding Hawaiian word, *Mahealani*—'Where Heaven Is.'

Down by the sea, at the beautiful Kona Inn, Manager Gwynne Austin says: "You can set your watch when the sea and the mountain breeze changes at 8 p.m."

Huki—Pull!

Referring to the *lio*—‘horse,’ already mentioned, it originally meant any animal, as cattle brought in from abroad, but today cattle is known as *pipi* or *bipi*, the Hawaiian way of saying ‘beef.’ A man-cow, or bull, is *pipi kane* and a lady cow, *pipi wahine*. The male and female is usually designated thus.

Fruits, flowers, fishes all have their Hawaiian names as well as the common English and the scientific. Thus a banana is *maia*, the papaia is *hei*, the ginger is *awa-puhi*, the plumeria or frangi-pani is *melia*, and the carnation is *ponimoi*. In the fish division *mahimahi* is dolphin, *ahi* is tuna and *aku* is bonito.

A fitting place for fruits, flowers and fish is a *luau*, the latter being a native feast, and a very festive occasion. If it is held during the day, and if in the country near the sea, a *luau* is often preceded by a *huki-lau*—‘a pulling the leaves.’ A long line with a drag net in the center is laid around an arm of the sea. The line is twined with leaves, which cast a shadow on the water and theoretically drive the fish to their doom, as the net is dragged towards the shore. Hundreds of Hawaiians and their friends often participate.

The number of people fed and entertained at a *luau* is prodigious, sometimes several hundred, and a real *luau* is a hand-in-the-pot affair for no cutlery is in evidence. In the islands a *luau* is a social magnet. One politician recently gave a private *luau* for eighty invited guests, but he said he would never do it again. Instead of eighty, two hundred came, and two hundred more who couldn’t get in were sore at him for life.

The House Is Yours

In hospitality Hawaiians recognized no half-way measures. They said: "*Komo mai, nou ka hale*"—"Come in, the house is yours." Or '*Kipa mai*'—"welcome." In olden days if you praised a Hawaiian's house and asked whose it was he would reply: 'Yours and mine.' And when your host placed food before you he would not partake himself until you had finished and had your fill. He considered it impolite to offer you food and then sit down and help you eat it!

There is beauty of sound as well as sentiment in the prose poetry of old Hawaii. A stirring example, which everyone who is interested in Hawaiian should know, is part of a lament after the death of *Keeaumoku, Jr.*, long ago a governor of Maui. It went thus:

<i>Uwe, uwe, ua make kuu alii</i>	Alas, alas, dead is my chief
<i>Ua make kuu haku e kuu hoa</i>	Dead is my lord and my friend;
<i>Kuu hoa i ka wa o ka wi</i>	My friend in the season of famine
<i>Kuu hoa i paa ka aina</i>	My friend in the time of drought
<i>Kuu hoa i kuu ilihune</i>	My friend in my poverty
<i>Kuu hoa i ka ua e ka makani</i>	My friend in the rain and the wind
<i>Kuu hoa i ka wela o ka la</i>	My friend in the heat of the day
<i>Kuu hoa i ka anu o ka mauna</i>	My friend in the cold from the mountains
<i>Kuu hoa i ka ino</i>	My friend in the storm
<i>Kuu hoa i ka malie</i>	My friend in the calm
<i>Kuu hoa i aui kai awalu</i>	My friend in the eight seas
<i>Uwe, uwe, ua hala kuu hoa</i>	Alas, alas, gone is my friend
<i>Aole e hoi hou mai.</i>	And no more will return.

Those Oe Songs

The 'Sweet Adeline' of Hawaii is *Imi Au Ia Oe*. Put four men together after three drinks, under a Hawaiian moon, and invariably they will break out in *Imi Au Ia Oe*, alternating with Ray Kinney's hauntingly beautiful 'Across the Sea.' But few will know all the words, even of the chorus of *Imi Au Ia Oe*, or that it means simply and literally 'Search I For You.'

There is that *oe* again as found in *Aloha Oe*. Another popular *oe*—'you'—song, an echo duet between a baritone and soprano of opposite sexes, is *Ke Kali Nei Au*—'I Am Waiting for You.' Only in this case the *oe* is understood. One more fine old *oe* song is *Mai Poina Oe I'au*—'Forget Me Not' (Don't Forget You Me). A more direct statement, with all temporizing thrown to the winds, is seen in the song, also by King, and also an *oe* song, *O Oe Ka'u*—'I Want You.'

All of the above, and many more beautiful numbers of the so-called 'old' Hawaiian music were written by the famous composer Charles E. King. *Ua like no a like*—'Always alike' (Sweet constancy)—is one of Hawaii's sweetest, most poignant older songs.

Probably more impetus to at least a vague understanding of the Hawaiian language has been given by a school of popular song writers in Hawaii, also keyed to the modern tempo and all featuring Hawaiian words in their lyrics. Among the most outstanding are R. Alexander (Andy) Anderson, Don McDiarmid, the late Johnny Noble, and Harry Owens, all of whom write their own modern melody and Hawaiian 'swing.' And thereby afford both *kamaaina* and *malihini* an opportunity to pick up a few Hawaiian sayings.

One of the most popular of these has been '*Malihini Mele*' (Newcomer's Song) by Andy Anderson, president of the von Hamm-Young Company, one of Hawaii's largest mercantile companies closely identified with the big block-long Young Hotel. In *Malihini Mele* the composer depicts in hilarious manner how the stranger mixes up his Hawaiian. Sample: "And he softly told her how, he'd seen a great big bad *luau*—feast—with a red *opu*—'stomach'—and a great big *hukilau*—'net fishing.'

Another of Andy's hits with a more raucous chorus, "The Cockeyed Mayor of *Kaunakakai*" (metropolis of Molokai island), has lived long because of intriguing lines like, "He wore a *malo*—'breech cloth'—and a coconut hat; one was for this and the other for that!" But it takes a Clara Inter (Hilo Hattie) to get all the fun out of it.

"The Cockeyed Daughter of the Mayor of *Kaunakakai*" has attained almost equal popularity. It has less horseplay and a really more charming melody.

William O. (Bill) Cogswell, promotionist, started the modern *hapa-haole* Hawaiian song vogue with his "I Want to Go Back to My Little Grass Shack in *Kealahakua* Hawaii" which with Johnny Noble's help swept the country. And Harry Owens also sprang to international fame with his "Sweet *Leilani*," "*Pau pau pau Pilikia*" and others, and Johnny Noble actually gave a vocabulary of Hawaiian words on the front cover of his popular "I Want to Learn to Speak Hawaiian."



The Gravy of the Chicken

It is said by Hawaiian scholars that elderly Hawaiians can carry on a conversation that means something entirely different than eavesdroppers might imagine. It is a sort of literary code. As an example, the proverb *Welawela ke kai o ka moa* means 'The gravy of the chicken is hit,' but actually the sense of it, in speaking of some bright young man who may have cut in on the conversation, is: "The young squirt isn't so dumb, what?"

Another proverb (there is a marvelous collection in Rev. Henry Judd's book) is likewise couched in double-meaning: *I kahiki ka ua, ako ka hale*—"When the rain is far away, thatch the house!" In other words, 'Make hay while the sun shines!'

Kolekole kou maka is a hot one. It is translated, 'Your eye is red' and it means 'You are down and out.'

Maka is 'eye' and it appears again in a nasty crack, *Oahu maka ewaewa*. Even in the early days people of the other islands had the idea that residents of Oahu (Island of the capital, Honolulu) were trying to high-hat them, for *Oahu maka ewaewa* means 'Unfriendly are the eyes of Oahu.'

The Hawaiians also had their conundrums, as: No. 123 in Judd's book, *Kakahiaka eha wawae, awakea elua wawae, ahiahi ekolu wawae*—"In the morning four legs, at noon two legs, at evening three legs?" Answer: A man. In youth, crawling; in maturity, walking; in old age, with a cane!"

Two more:

Kuu wahi hale, ewalu oa hookahi pou?—"My house with eight rafters and one post?" Answer: an umbrella.

Kuu kanaka leo nui?—"My man of the loud voice?" Answer: Thunder.

The Akua of the Pali

John H. Wilson, former mayor and postmaster of Honolulu, built the eerie road across the Pali pass in 1897, just one hundred and two years after King Kamehameha practically completed his island conquest by driving the Oahu army of Kalanikupule over the precipice. And bones of the vanquished after a hundred years still lay exposed on the steep slopes. Combining philanthropy with practical engineering, Wilson buried the bones, blasting an entire cliff from the route of the road that clung and still clings like a leech around those dizzy contours. Up to the time that the military road to Luualaei near Kolekole pass was blasted by the United States Army to clear the way for that spectacular highway, the Pali charge was the largest ever set off in Hawaii and the explosion was heard for miles around.

"It was the largest mass burial ever conducted in Hawaii," says Wilson, "and for the first time in one hundred years, the soldiers of Oahu who fought bravely on the losing side were covered with the dignity that they so richly deserved."

During the road building Mr. Wilson made another noteworthy contribution to community service. Guarding the Pali since the days when it was only the terminus of a precipitous path up the cliffs were two misshapen squat stones known as *Na Akua o ka Pali*—"The Gods of the Pali," to whom ancient travelers paid tribute. Wilson ran his road so that those gods would not be disturbed, and there they stand today mutely guarding the hundreds of Silent Sixes and Twin Eights that daily roar up and down the grade. On mountain trails in Hawaii modern-day hikers still pay tribute to *Na Akua* by depositing crossed leaves secured with a pebble.



The Surf at Waikiki

Hokele (hoh-kay-leh) is 'hotel,' of which Hawaii has a surprisingly wide and famous variety. *Halekipa* is an inn. John C. Fischbeck, manager of the luxurious Royal Hawaiian hotel, to illustrate Hawaiian humor, recalls the resourcefulness of Chick Daniels, popular *luna* (boss) of the Royal's beach activities, and an authority on *Ka nalu o Waikiki* (the surf at Waikiki). A sea-shell collector asked Chick the name of a certain rare *pupu* (shell) the waves had washed in.

"I'll look it up," countered Chick, "and while I'm looking will you find out for me why those waves come from so many different directions—at Waikiki from the southwest, at Lanikai from the east and up Kahukuya from the north? All around Oahu island they come from different directions?"

The shell-gatherer agreed to study the poser. But Chick is still waiting for his explanation.



Many famous people have stayed at the Royal Hawaiian. The manager tells of a time when President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Will Rogers were guests there at the same time. One day the manager met Mr. Rogers at the main entrance.

"The President would like you to dine with him in his suite on the fifth floor," he informed Rogers.

"What's the matter with that guy?" cried Will Rogers in mock irritation. "Where does he think I'll get my 'soup and fish'?"

But a few moments later he paraded in a tuxedo.

"Do you think that guy will let me in with this?" he asked in simulated concern.

The manager rather thought that the President would!



The Hawaiian language, for the *malihini* and even for the occasional *kamaaina*, is easily twisted. For instance, the late Clifford Kimball, proprietor of the Halekulani Hotel—"Heavenly House," or "Home Befitting Heaven"—said he recently asked a bride in Hawaii on her honeymoon if she had ever visited the islands before.

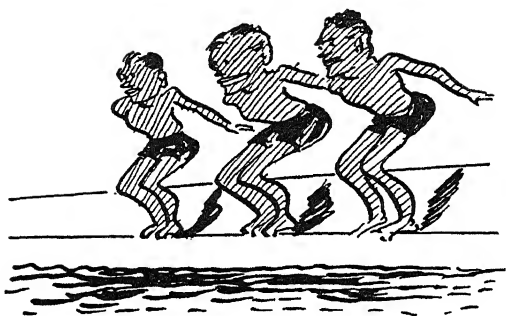
"Oh, yes," she said, "I'm a kamahini."

Which wasn't so bad at that!

Another *malihini* told Mr. Kimball, in admiring a beautiful *koa* table, "I love these *poi* tables!"



Ralph E. Woolley, well known contractor, who built the Royal Hawaiian hotel at Waikiki and many of Honolulu's handsome business structures, including the beautiful new Mormon tabernacle on Beretania street, is one of Hawaii's most proficient Hawaiian linguists because he learned it as a boy in the Mormon settlement of which he is now the head in Hawaii. He tells of an early-day missionary woman studying the language who shocked some Hawaiian women she was visiting when she said she must go home because her baby was *pupule*—"crazy." What she meant was *pololi*—"hungry."



E Hele Awiwi—To Go Quickly

Not many years ago the fastest human in the water, twice champion of the world, was Duke Paoa Kahana-moku, now sheriff of Honolulu, in the prime of life and one of Hawaii's most popular citizens, both with *malihini* and *kamaaina* alike. 'The Duke' as he is called, although 'Duke' is his given name, after the Duke of Edinburgh, a prominent early-day visitor to Hawaii, in the water was a striking personification of the Hawaiian phrase *E hele awiwi* which means 'to rush' or 'to go quickly.' At home and abroad he swam many exciting races, but the most thrilling in which I ever saw him participate was across the old slip between Piers 6 and 7 of Honolulu Harbor back in 1923. It was the final race, a relay against a visiting Yale team, and Duke was the last man. For the Hawaiians the race seemed hopelessly lost because each man on that team had been out-distanced. When Duke's turn came the audience was standing, screaming and tense, praying audibly for the impossible. His opponent seemed half way home when the powerful Duke struck the water and disappeared in a surge of churning foam. It seemed that 'The Duke'

could never materially shorten that heart-breaking lead, and in the dim artificial lights casting queer breaks and shadows over the scene it was difficult to see what was happening. But the hand which struck the finish plank one stroke ahead of the Yale threat was the massive paw of 'The Duke,' who says today that it was probably the hardest and fastest race he ever swam. But in getting to the finish line 'The Duke' was always *hiki pono i ka manawa pololei*—'prompt' or 'at the right time.'

No Wind in Wawae (Leg)

Two more tales of Hawaii by the late Clifford Kimball of the Halekulani hotel had to do with another Island athlete, the spectacular Hawaiian cowboy-polo player from Kauai, John Malina. (Jay Gould on his frequent trips to the Islands used to play with him.)

Malina was also a great hunter, and, according to Mr. Kimball, gave special instructions one day to a Hawaiian *keiki* (boy) as the two were setting out to hunt *kao* (goat) on the scarlet pinnacles and up the blue-green spurs of Waimea canyon, Kauai Island's scenic masterpiece.

"You have to look where you shoot with this gun," said Malina to the youngster, "because it hasn't any sights!"

This dashing *paniolo* (cowboy) who on occasion took over the whole polo match, as a young man was also quite adept at the *hula* and always obliged by entertaining with his dancing at riding parties and picnics. One time, after having danced a great many times, the crowd still called for more, but Malina finally begged off.

"I'd like to, but *aole hiki* (no can)," he said. "I got no more wind in the *wawae* (leg)!"

Double Okole No Can

A short shirt or jumper in Hawaii, called a *palaka* (pah-lah-kah), is a favorite outing garment for young and old. Senator George P. Cooke, rancher, former President of the Hawaiian Senate, and scion of an old island family that dates back to the missionaries, tells of a faithful Chinese, Ah Hee, in the Cooke menage for many years, who did many odd jobs including a bit of rough-hewn tailoring of overalls and *palakas* with a broken-down sewing machine.

In his youth, Ah Hee had come from China when Hawaii was still a monarchy, and had obtained employment as a waiter in Honolulu in the King's palace, now the Capitol building, and legislative hall. Unfortunately, however, he had dropped a very valuable calabash and, frightened by the scathing tongue of Hawaiian royalty's major-domo, Ah Hee decamped for one of the outer islands—it happened to be Molokai, which was closest—and never returned. But when he had saved \$1,000, which would be a princely fortune in his home district of China, Ah Hee as an old man prepared to depart. But would he take any chances in Honolulu which he had not revisited since that fateful calabash accident fifty years before? Not Ah Hee. He waited till an Inter-Island steamer made direct connections with a ship for China. The police might still be looking for him!

Senator Cooke, long before Ah Hee left to leave his bones with his ancestors, bought a bolt of denim and asked Ah Hee to make some riding breeches. Ah Hee continued to make *palakas* and overalls all right, but when Mr. Cooke asked him why the riding breeches with reinforced seat weren't forthcoming, he looked sadly at his decrepit sewing machine and mournfully shook his head.

"Very sorry, Mister Cooke," he said, "but this machine double ass no can!"

Senator Cooke tells good and true stories without end. Another is about crossing the Molokai Channel. His new freighter sampan had been finally completed, with everyone including the native skipper tired and very sleepy. However, the Senator and his family at about midnight decided to start immediately on the trial run from Honolulu to Molokai. Out in the channel Senator George noticed that his native captain was nodding, and offered to take the wheel.

The Senator laid his course on a light which he took to be Molokai, and followed it faithfully but half-awake through the night. Came the dawn, and the island navigator was amazed and disgusted to see dead ahead the rocky headlands of *Makapuu* and *Koko* Head which he had quitted only a few hours before. And his 'light' had metamorphosed into the Inter-Island S. S. Kilauea from Hilo, which the Senator had been following all night!

Hui-O-Pele Hawaii

Want to join a volcano? Superintendent John B. Wosky, Hawaii National Park, is *Kuhina Nui* ('Premier') of *Hui-O-Pele Hawaii* (Society of Pele—Goddess of Hawaiian Volcanoes); world-wide membership (1953) 40,000 people. *Hui* proceeds — but Mr. Wosky will attest there is no 'hooley' about good work of the *Hui*—are for Park improvements, conveniences and projects not covered by federal appropriations. For a single dollar bill anyone who has viewed Pele's volcanic premises on Hawaii may obtain life membership in the *Hui*, an attractive souvenir certificate sealed in fire, and a membership card.

Keiki Nui, Mahope

Over in the ranch country of Hawaii Island, in the land of big paddocks, long and jagged lava flows, hard-riding cowboys and Hereford cattle, there is a sly humor characteristic of the district and of Hawaiians. In order to appreciate this Hawaiian humor, of course, one must live with the people for many years and understand the significant twist of word and tongue. One of these ranchers, a *haole* but a native of Hawaii, was the late Ronald von Holt, *luna nui*—‘big boss’ of Kahu-a ranch, sunning itself high on the windswept slopes of the Kohala mountains. Ronald admires big Hawaiians and tall tales and has an inimitable way of describing the one and telling the other.

“When I first came to Kahu-a,” he says, “one of the first men I hired was a massive Hawaiian, famous for his feats of strength. As I rode with him along the bed of a new road one day, we came upon a gang trying to lay a heavy 24-inch concrete drain pipe across the road. A huge Hawaiian boy, stripped to the waist, with sweat gleaming and every sinew taut, was holding up one end of this terrific weight while three little laborers with crowbars were trying without avail to lift the other end.

“There’s a husky lad,” I exclaimed. “Who is he?”

“That’s my boy, Willie,” Sam said.

“How tall is he?” I asked.

“*Mea, mea, mea!* (an expression similar to ‘Eh, what?’) I think six foot four.”

“How much does he weigh?”

“*Mea, mea, mea!* I think 260 pound.”

I was amazed. Finally I said, “For the love of Mike, how old is he?”

Old Sam grunted: “Only 15 year. I think *keiki nui*—‘big boy’—bimeby!”

Grandchildren Save the Day

An account of how scientists for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association have combed far corners of the earth to secure the right parasites to prey upon cane borers, leaf hoppers and other insect pests that were threatening to destroy Hawaii's basic industry, her sugar crop, reads almost like a fairy tale.

Frank C. Atherton, one of Hawaii's business leaders, in telling the story, said that "a surprising detail after the parasitic bugs were discovered was the care that had to be taken to get them to Hawaii and to work on the enemies of the sugar cane."

In carefully tended cultures these travellers from remote parts of New Guinea were taken by stages first to Queensland, thence to Fiji, and from there to Hawaii. In both of these places propagation stations had to be established as the insects did not live long enough to come through to the Islands from their original home.

"We really do not have to thank the foreign bugs themselves that were first discovered," Mr. Atherton declared with a smile, "but rather several generations of their descendants that were propagated along the way."



Funny letters are not to be a part of this book but, speaking of descendants, I can't help including one that Mr. Atherton often smiled over which an oriental homesteader at Kula, Maui, wrote to the Kahului store for supplies as follows: "Pleze send me 11 pounds of sugar 2 pounds of cofe and 2 pounds of tea, my wife gave birth last nite to a baby boy also a screw-driver rat-trap and door-mat it weighed 10 pounds and a straw hat."

Fire and Fertilizer

The science of sugarcane production and sugar extraction is probably more highly developed in Hawaii than any place on earth. Vast areas which in early days were practically worthless have been made to bloom like the proverbial rose, and in many cases the descendants of original Hawaiian owners are direct beneficiaries. The legend that the missionaries took away their land has long since been exploded.

Experts from far corners of the globe come to study Island sugar processes, and with typical Hawaiian *aloha* plantation managers and experiment station directors say, "*Komo mai, nou ka hale*"—"Come in the house is yours." They say the same to plantation employes who, incidentally, are probably the most satisfied and best treated on earth, for the plantation supplies year-round work along with comfortable homes, medical care, recreation, and food, all at reasonable cost.

However, some of Hawaii's success with sugar has come from the trial-and-error method and often by chance. For instance, H. Alexander Walker, formerly the manager of American Factors, Ltd., a large island firm which acts as agent for a number of big plantations, says that *hoo-a* and *pipulu*—"burning" and "fertilizing"—were both lucky accidents.

A field of ripe cane once caught fire and in an effort to save something the manager ordered the blackened cane milled immediately. Much to his surprise the sugar content had not changed, and now the practice of burning fields to eliminate tough leaves and cloying undergrowth before harvesting is common.

Likewise in fertilizing, Mr. Walker relates that a new 'hand,' when ordered to spread a big pile of fertilizer,

took the easiest way out and threw it entirely within the radius of his shovel. The *luna*—‘head man’ or ‘foreman’—was disgusted, but it was too much *pilikia* to collect the fertilizer again, so he let it lay. The bumper crop which resulted taught plantation executives that they could fertilize far more heavily.

Ratoon Crop

They have a facetious way in Hawaii of terming in large families the younger brothers and sisters who come along later in life, ‘the ratoon crop.’ This derives from the sugar industry which produces a first crop in about eighteen months and then ‘ratoon’ crops from the same seeding.

I am reminded in this regard of my friend G. Stanley McKenzie, a business leader of Hawaii, now on the mainland and president of the Creameries of America, who as a young man tackled the competitive cliffs of Hawaiian industry and climbed to the top. With my friend Jim McNerny, to whom this book is dedicated, Stanley was more responsible than anyone else for the revival after World War No. 1 of Hawaii’s infant tourist industry which had languished and died during that debacle. He married a charming daughter of a *kamaaina* Honolulu family, whose ‘ratoon crop’ included the Hoogs brothers of island tennis fame. Stanley has a good fund of early-day Hawaii stories, particularly those reminiscent of the time when he first accompanied his father to the islands in charge of a fast and impressive string of race horses. But many of these stories are likewise racy and not meant to be exposed in print. One of his pet remarks, when his wife and mine do not seem to appreciate some of his, to say the least, homely witticisms is:

“The trouble with our girls is that they weren’t born on a ranch!”

An Awful Sight!

The late Clarence H. Cooke, one of the islands' best known native sons, had a fund of island stories which would make a big book. From early days he had been visiting the volcano on the island of Hawaii, and he liked to recall the observation which Mark Twain wrote in the Volcano House guest book and register.

Apparently Mr. Clemens, who was an early-day visitor at the volcano and who in fact took the first steps on his road to fame with lectures on the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), had become fed up on all the exuberant accounts he had read in the guest book of the flowing lava, the cascading craters, etc., so he struck off his own version. Unfortunately, the original lines were purloined from the book many years ago, but Mr. Cooke remembers them clearly and, practically verbatim, something like this:

"As I stood beside the fiery pit, behold a stone no larger than a hen's egg rolled into the abyss. My God, it was an awful sight!"

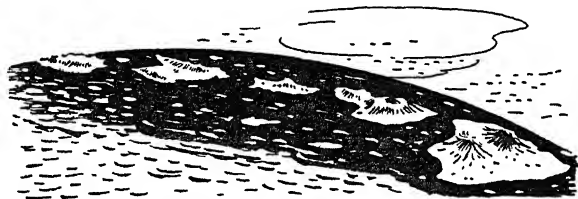
In those rough and ready early days at one of the rest houses on the way to the volcano, Mr. Cooke said chickens roosted on the chandelier over the long table in the tiny dining-room, and at the Volcano House itself, strange shadows flickered on the canvas which at night provided the only partition between guest rooms.

In those times it was a long trip by carriage or horseback from steamer to volcano, and travellers who today whizz at fifty miles per hour up the perfect twenty-nine-mile motor highway from Hilo to the Hawaii National Park entrance, had many interesting and uncomfortable experiences. Mr. Cooke tells of one trip when the party

was caught on the road in a deluge and one man who, for protection had brought along an extra and very bright red blanket essayed to wrap himself in it.

"But the red ran," explained Mr. Cooke, "and the white man very quickly became a red man."

Kilauea is 4000 feet high but its neighbor Mauna Loa, also intermittently active, is nearly 14,000 feet. A few feet higher is its sister, Mauna Kea, inactive and like Mauna Loa often snow-capped. *Mauna* is 'mount'; *loa* is 'long' or 'big,' and *kea* is 'white.'



From early days, prominent people of the world have visited Hawaii, including Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson, already mentioned, and Jack London, all of whom wrote freely of the Islands. Even then, some of these prominent visitors got off the beaten track to such out-of-the-way places as Kipahulu, Maui, on the trail through Haleakala, and Mr. Cooke told of an old Chinese who kept a little store there and who was very proud of the celebrities who had called for refreshment.

"All big people stop here," he boasted once to Mr. Cooke. "Governor Dole, Frear, Carter, many senator, representative. Biggest to stop, daughter president, Alice Roosevelt. But, gaddam, that time I surprise like hell! First time see *haole wahine* smoke cigarette!"

Who Is a Kamaaina?

The question is frequently asked in Hawaii: "How long does one have to live here in order to be termed a *kamaaina*—'old-timer' or 'child of the land'?" The answer is that it is all in the heart and not on the calendar.

One person who takes the Islands to his bosom and makes Hawaii his home forever, boasting of her real beauty and charm and fighting for her inherent rights in the affairs of the United States, of which she is an integral part, might become a *kamaaina* in a few years. Another who is never satisfied with the Islands and always planning someday to return to the mainland—who continually criticizes and runs down the way of life in Hawaii—could never become a *kamaaina* if he lived in Hawaii for fifty years.

Harry Lucas, one of Hawaii's premier story-tellers, and himself not only a *kamaaina* but also more importantly, a *keiki hanau o ka aina*—'child born in the land'—enjoys quoting the somewhat jaundiced wag who remarked that a *kamaaina* is one who had lived in the islands so long that the iron in his blood had become lead in the seat of his trousers! Not that Lucas, with the record of achievement of Hawaii's sons and daughters both here and over-seas, really believes that!

In Hawaii now more effort is in high speed and geared to post-war work. But in the normal times residents of the islands do not push themselves into a killing, nerve-racking pace or take life quite as seriously as their fellow citizens of the mainland. But somewhere in the soft sunshine or the rain-filtered air, or the sparkling artesian water, or the fragrance of flowers, or the blue of sky or sea, there must be a Fountain of Youth, for Hawaii boasts the liveliest and youngest and most tolerant 'old' people known to man. And the most demo-

cratic, generous, community-minded and unpretentious wealthy families on the face of the earth!

Hawaiians of old did not recognize age as such. In mentioning it to an elderly associate, the speaker would comment on his years only by indirection, and far more subtly, by saying perhaps something like this: "*Elemakule*—'elder'—the blazing sun which has travelled so high and so gloriously across the heavens is slowly and majestically setting."

Makapuu—Bulging Eye

Even *haole* sons of modern-day Hawaii carry on the traditions of the sea. As recent as 1939 William and Alexander, the two sons of Alexander G. Budge, president of one of Hawaii's potent companies, Castle & Cooke, Ltd., and two friends showed their mettle and also their knowledge of the sea when their fishing sampan in which the four were equal owners suddenly sank off Molokai.

All night the two Budges, accompanied by their inseparable fellow-fisherman, Peter Russell, son of John E. Russell, who is president and manager of another leading Hawaiian concern, Theo. H. Davies & Co., and John Robinson, son of the Mark Robinsons, still another prominent island family, paddled or swam beside their tiny emergency canvas craft across the choppy channel about 20 miles to Honolulu.

The boys were much nearer to Molokai but they knew their island waters, and struck out instead with the current, for the most distant lighthouse of *Makapuu*—'Bulging Eye'—rocky Oahu headland. And made it!

Mr. Alex. Budge Senior, in proudly relating the boys' experience says, "The surprising thing is that all four boys out there in the night and the sea worked as a team; it wasn't a question of what they should do. They all just instinctively agreed on the right course."

Logging-Loving

The islands of *Kahoolawe* and *Lanai*, including *Molokai* previously mentioned, are technically a part of the county of *Maui*, second largest island of the group. They lie, independent geographically and in interest, like a pack of well-trained sentinels around the famed strip of seaway and channel known as the *Lahaina Roads*. Here the United States fleet, on annual or biennial maneuvers for many years, has lain at anchor like a huge fortified city.

And in early days before *Lanai* became a huge unit of the Hawaiian Pineapple company's series of plantations, and before *Kahoolawe* became a sprawling cattle ranch with a population frequently of no more than one human—the popular cowboy Pedro—this pair of islands had a more romantic if not more productive use. *Kahoolawe* was a penal colony for wayward men, and *Lanai* served the same purpose for wayward women. The result is obvious. When their isle became too unbearably lonesome, the men of *Kahoolawe* would resurrect a drift-log from the beach and paddle across the eighteen-mile wide channel toward *Lanai* for a friendly call on the so-called weaker sex.

In this instance it has been claimed, however, that the term 'weaker' was a misnomer, because the women incarcerated on *Lanai*, through some occult power seemed sometimes to get the same idea at the same time and paddle halfway, thus cutting in two the round trip distance to be travelled by their admirers from *Kahoolawe*.

If *Kahoolawe* can't be remembered for this bit of history it is identified by the fact that its channel marked the way, and is now named *Kealakahiki*—"The Way to Tahiti"—for the ancient intrepid Polynesian navigators

who thought nothing of a 2000-mile ocean voyage in tiny outrigger canoes and with little more than *na hoku*—‘the stars,’ and *ka makani*—‘the wind,’ to guide them.

To prove that it was possible to journey thus, as recently as 1939 the intrepid Captain V. A. Woodbury II and two companions, Don Hall and Al Eastman, made almost an identical trip from Hawaii to Samoa. Without detracting one whit from their superhuman accomplishment, it should be noted, however, that these modern-day voyagers had many advantages over the natives of old, not least of which was an outboard ‘kicker’ for use when the wind died, and an exact knowledge of their destination.



In addition to the ubiquitous *aloha*, the Hawaiian people have many unusual and not always literal expressions not so well known. *Aloha*, incidentally, should not be hurried. *Malihinis* make the mistake of saying *Alo-a* leaving out the ‘h,’ while the island way is ‘ah-loh (drag it out) hah.’

Auwe is a common and expressive Hawaiian exclamation of sorrow, exasperation or surprise. The *au* is about equivalent to the English ‘ou’ in ‘ouch,’ and the *we* is ‘way.’ *Auwe no hoi* means ‘Oh, too bad!’

A slangy Hawaiian exclamation is *hoo-hah* which might be used when a golfer sunk a long putt on a green of Hawaii’s twenty golf courses, or when a hundred and fifty pound *ahi*—‘tuna’—or a twenty-five pound *mahi-mahi*—‘dolphin’—struck on the other end of a regulation twenty-four or thirty-six thread line. And if he lost the fish before it came to gaff an expression of Hawaiian derision which I can’t spell, might look something like ‘tsch eh!’

A Stale Tale

One of Hawaii's many exuberant deep-sea fishermen is John F. Stone, of Castle & Cooke, Ltd., and "U.S.O.", formerly secretary to the late Governor W. R. Farrington, father of Hon. Joseph R. Farrington, Hawaii's delegate to Congress. Mr. Stone's favorite yarn, however, is not of fish but about candy. He says that on one of their visits to an outside island, just before the party was to return to Honolulu, a certain businessman in a generous frame made a *hookupu*—'gift'—to the Governor, of a box of chocolates which had been taken out of a show case. Accompanying the gift was a card which read: "Good for all stale occasions."

Jack (*Keaka* in Hawaiian) recalls that the Governor credited the donor with a typographical error until later when an attempt was made to eat the candy. Evidently it had done showcase service for a long while.

Boil Special

Good coffee is grown in the Kona district, on the island of Hawaii, but my coffee story was told at the beginning of this book. Tobacco was once grown in the same district, after it had been introduced by the white man. '*He puhi paka no oe?*' is 'Do you smoke tobacco?' The first smoking the Hawaiians saw was Captain Cook's sailors, and the natives said the white men were surely gods—they blew fire out of their mouths!

Kopaa has been mentioned as sugar. Only one of the many big mills in the islands, however, refines to the final snow-white stage. The late John Waterhouse, president of Alexander & Baldwin, one of Hawaii's big sugar factors, and identified with large sugar plantations, told of a tourist who asked, when he saw this refined sugar

flowing into the bag: "Is that the seed you plant to make the cane grow?"

Horace Johnson, formerly with C. Brewer & Co., another of the large sugar agencies in Hawaii, tells one more plantation story which goes like this:

In the rich sugar district on the Hamakua coast several years ago the Scotch manager of a mill was worried because his sugar-boiler was getting so much more waste molasses than other mills. He asked the sugar-boiler to cut down the molasses waste. The sugar-boiler said, '*Hiki no*,' and did so by the simple, though secret, method of piping it out to the nearby sea.

Later, when molasses became more valuable, the Scotch manager asked the sugar-boiler if he could produce a greater proportion of molasses again.

He replied, "Yah, I tink so, but not right off. I got to boil special."

My book has boiled over long ago. Let's make an end of it. These pages, as everything written or spoken of Hawaii even though attempted in lighter vein, should close on a more serious note. The people of Hawaii are very conscious and very proud of their bright place in the constellation of the United States, and will give their all to and for the Union if Hawaii likewise is accorded her due recognition and consideration by the Congress and by the States.

This feeling of importance and of love and of loyalty to the Union has been ably publicized by many a prominent pen but never more effectively or more beautifully than by Lowell Otus Reese, in his tribute to Hawaii which was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, issue of April 26, 1924. And it is as fitting today as it was twenty years ago. It appears on the following page.

HAWAII

Soft east wind and a whispering sea,
And a rustle of palms on Waikiki;
I lift my head to the velvet sky;
I bathe my face where the clouds go by,
And a glorious rainbow binds my hair,
And a glorious Flag is fluttering there.
See what a wonderful child I am!
Do not forget me, Uncle Sam.

Soft warm tide on a soft warm sea,
And soft warm hearts on Waikiki;
Lone I stand at the far-off gate;
Lone I stand and wait and wait;
Lone in the sea; but I smile as I
Keep my Flag in the velvet sky.
Warm is my heart, and loyal too;
Uncle Sam, I am trusting you.

Soft moonlight on a breathless sea;
Tinkle of strings on Waikiki;
Warm I stand in the velvet night,
Draped like a bride in the white moonlight;
Bugle notes in the stillness drown
On Waikiki as the Flag comes down.
Toward the East I stretch my hand;
Love me; I am a lovely land.

Soft midnight and a silent sea;
And a sleeping tide on Waikiki;
Lone I wait in the far-off West,
And a bright Flag slumbers on my breast;
Love me. Only for that I wait,
Keeping the Flag on the western gate.

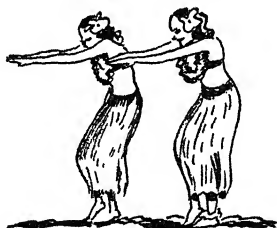
ALL THAT I MAY BE; ALL I AM—
SO THAT YOU LOVE ME, UNCLE SAM.

By Way of Aloha

Many of the foregoing stories are true; some imaginary. Some may be old tales of other lands that have been "islandized." But at one time or another in the last twenty years I have heard them all in Hawaii. In the retelling I may have credited some of them to the wrong people, or I may not have given credit when credit was due. For any and all errors I humbly beg everyone's pardon and ask that you advise me so that, if there should ever be another edition (this is the eighteenth printing) such mistakes or omissions can be corrected. To all those mentioned I am very thankful for their contributions, without which this book would not have been possible.

The courtesy of busy men who were kind enough to take time out from their own affairs to help me with this informal effort is typical of the consideration of the people of Hawaii, and particularly of her leaders.

The many racial and mixed groups that make up Hawaii's population, are a congenial, generally happy, people who have learned in Hawaii to get ahead and at the same time to get along with each other. The stories herein are intended to bring out these sterling characteristics.



A Few Hawaiian Words

Definitions as found in the Lorrin Andrews dictionary,
revised by Henry H. Parker

(Phonetic spellings ending in "ow" or "ou" to rhyme with "cow")

Because the long and short sounds are difficult to show, the following phonetic spelling in some cases is only approximate. For more exact pronunciation see the above-mentioned dictionary.

Aa (ah-ah') : Broken lava
Aala (ah-ah'lah) : Fragrant
Ae (ah'-ay) : Yes
Aha (ah-hah') : Four
Ahea (ah'-hay'-ah) : When?
Ahi (ah'-hee) : Fire
Ahihi (ah'-hee ah'-hee) : Evening
Ahiku (ah-hee-koo) : Seven
AI (ah'-ee) : To eat
Aihea (eye-hay'-ah) : Where?
Aikane (eye'-kah'-neh) : A friend
Aina (eye'-nah) : Land
Aka (ah-kah') : But
Akahi (ah-kah'-hee) : One
Akamai (ah-kah-m-eye') : Wise
Ako (ah'-koh) : To thatch
Aku (ah'-koo) : Away
Akua (ah-koo'-ah) : God
Ala (ah'-lah) : Road
Alaila (ah-leye'-lah) : There, then
Alala (ah-lah-lah') : Weeping
Alanui (ah-lah-noo-ee) : Road
Alehe (ah-leh'-he) : Noose
Alii (ah-lee-ee) : Chief; king
Alima (ah-lee'-mah) : Five
Aloha (ah-loh'-hah) : Love, affection
Alua (ah-loo'-ah) : Two
Anei (ah-nay'-e) : In
Anu (ah'-noo) : Cold
Aole (ah-oh'-leh) : Not; no
Aono (ah-oh'-noh) : Six
A'u (ah-oo) : Sword-fish
Au (the *ou* in *ouch*!) : I
Auau (repeat the above) : Bathing
Auwai (ou-weye) : Brook
Auwe (ou-way') : An exclamation, oh! alas!
Awakea (ah-vah kay'-ah) : Noon
Awalu (ah-vah'-loo) : Eight
Awiwi (ah-vee'-vee') : Hasten, hurry

Ea (ay'-ah) : Air; life
Elele (eh'-leh eh'-leh) : Dark
Etemakule (eh'-leh-mah'-koo'-leh) : An old man
Ewaewa (eh'-vah eh'-vah) : Showing anger

Haaheo (hah-ah-hay'-oh) : Proud
Haina (h-eye'-nah') : Cruel
Haku (hah'-koo) : Master
Hala (hah'-lah) : The pandanus tree
Hale (hah'-leh) : House
Halekaa (hah'-leh-kah-ah) : Garage
Halekupa (hah'-leh-kee'-pah) : Inn
Halekula (hah'-leh-koo'-lah) : School-house

Halepohaku (hah'-leh-poh'-hah'-koo) : Stone house
Halepule (hah'-leh-poo'-leh) : Church
Hana (hah'-nah) : Work
Hanau (hah'-now') : To be born
Hanohano (hah'-noh hah'-noh) : Honorable
Hao (hah'-oh, i.e., how) : Iron
Haole (hah'-oh'-leh) : Foreigner
Hapa (hah'-pah) : A part
Hapaha (hah'-pah-hah') : Fourth part
Hapai (hah'-p-eye') : To lift; carry
Hapalua (hah'-pah-loo'-ah) : One-half
Hau (hah'-oo) : A spreading tree
Hauoli (how'-oh'-lee) : Glad
Hawaii (hah'-weye'-ee) : The 'big' island
He (hay) : A
Heaha (hay'-ah'-hah) : What?
Hee (hay-ay) : Squid
Heenalua (hay-ay-nah'-loo) : Surfing
Hei (hay-e') : Papaia
Hele (hay'-leh) : To walk, go
Hemo (hay'-moh) : To be loosened
Hewa (hay'-vah) : Sin
Hiamoe (hee'-ah-moy') : Sleep
Hiki (hee'-ke) : To be able to do a thing, to arrive
Hikiee (hee'-ke-ay) : A broad bed
Hilahila (hee'-lah-lee'-lah) : Ashamed
Himene (hee-may'-ne) : Hymn
Hipa (hee'-pah) : Sheep
Hoa (hoh'-ah) : Friend
Hoaaloa (hoh'-ah-ah-loh'-hah) : Beloved friend
Hoi (hoh-ee) : Go back
Hoi mai (hoh-ee meye') : Come back
Hokele (hoh'-keh-leh) : Hotel
Hoku (hoh'-koo') : Star
Holo (hoh'-loh) : To run
Holulu (hoh'-loh-koo') : Woman's outer garment
Honi (hoh'-ne) : Kiss
Hookanaka (hon-oh-kah'-nah'-kah) : Brave
Hookano (hoh-oh-kah'-noh) : Proud
Hookupu (hoh-oh-koo'-poo) : Gift
Hoomalimali (hoh-oh-mol'-ly-mol'-ly) : Flattery
Hoomanawanui (hoh-oh-mah'-nah'-vah'-noo'-e) : Being patient
Hoonuinui (hoh-oh-noo'-e-noo'-e) : An exaggeration
Hoopunipuni (hoh-oh-poo'-ne-poo'-ne) : To deceive
Hua (hoo'-ah) : Fruit
Huamoa (hoo'-ah-moh'-ah) : A hen's egg

Huhu (hoo-hoo') : Angry
Hui (hoo'-e) : An association
Huki (hoo'-ke) : Pull
Hukilau (hoo'-key-low) : Fishing with net
Hula (hoo'-lah) : Dance
Humu (hoo'-moo) : To sew
Humuhumunukunukuapuaa (hoo'-moo hoo'-moo noo'-koo noo'-koo ah'-pu ah'-ah) : Species of fish

Ia (ee-ah) : Fish
Ihe (ee'-hay) : Spear
Iho (ee'-hoh) : Down
Ikaika (ee-k-eye-kah) : Strong
Ike (ee'-keh) : See; know
Iki (ee'-ke) : Small
Ilaia (ee-l-eye-lah) : There
Ilima (ee-lee-mah) : Yellow-flowered plant
Ilio (ee-le'-oh) : A dog
Iloko (ee-loh'-koh) : Inside
Imi (ee'-me) : Search for
Imu (ee'-moo) : Oven
Inaina (ee-n-eye'-nah) : Anger
Ino (ee'-noh) : Bad
Inoa (ee-noh'-ah) : Name
Ipo (ee'-poh) : Sweetheart
Iwa (ee'-vah) : Frigate-bird
Iwi (ee'-ve) : Bone
Iwilei (ee'-ve-lay') : Collar bone

Ka (kah) : The
Kaa (kah-ah) : Car
Kahiki (kah'-hee-ke) : Foreign country
Kahuna (kah'-hoo'-nah) : An expert
Kai (k-eye) : Sea
Kaikamahine (keye'-ka'-mah'-hee'-neh) : Daughter
Kaikuahe (keye'-koo'-ah'-hee'-neh) : Sister
Kaikunane (keye'-koo'-nah'-neh) : Brother
Kakou (kah'-koh) : We; more than two
Kaku (kah'-koo') : Species of barracuda
Kala (kah'-lah') : Dollar
Kali (kah'-le) : Wait
Kalo (kah'-loh) : Taro
Kamaaina (kah'-mah-eye'-nah) : Citizen of long standing
Kamailio (kah-m-eye'-lee-oh) : To converse
Kanaka (kah'-nah'-kah) : Man
Kanailua (kah'-nah-loo'-ah) : In doubt
Kanawai (kah'-nah'-weye') : A law
Kane (kah'-neh) : Male
Kao (cow) : Goat
Kapakahi (kah'-pah-kah'-he) : Crooked
Kapena (kah'-pay'-nah) : Captain
Kapu (kah'-puh) : Prohibited
Kaua (kah'-oo'-ah) : Two
Kaula (cow-lah) : Rope
Kauwa (cow-wah') : Servile
Kauakawa (kah'-vah kah'-vah) : The bonito fish
Ke (kay) : The. Before nouns beginning with *k*.

Kea (kay'-ah) : White
Keia (kay'-ee-ah) : This
Keiki (kay'-e'-keh) : Child
Keikikane (kay'-e'-keh-kah'-neh) : Son
Keko (kay'-koh) : Monkey
Kela (kay'-lah) : That
Keo (kay'-oh) : Clear
Kepani (kay'-pah-ne') : Japanese
Kiawe (kee'-ah'-veh) : Algaroba tree
Kihikihi (kee'-he kee'-he) : Surgeon fish
Kika (kee'-kah') : Cigar
Kilakila (kee'-lah-kee'-lah) : Majestic
Kipa (kee'-pah) : Hospitality
Kipuka (kee'-poo'-kah) : An opening
Ko (koh) : Sugar cane
Koa (koh'-ah) : Brave
Koa (koh'-ah) : A forest tree
Koko (koh'-koh) : Blood
Kokua (koh'-koo'-ah) : Help
Kole (koh'-leh) : Redness
Komo (koh'-moh) : Enter
Kona (koh'-nah) : The south or southwest
Koni (koh'-ne) : Taste
Kope (koh'-peh) : Coffee
Kou (koh') : Large shade tree
Kua (koo'-ah) : The back
Kukui (koo'-koo'-ee) : A tree
Kula (koo'-lah) : Country back from the sea
Kuleana (koo'-leh-ah'-nah) : A small land claim
Kulikuli (koo'-le koo'-le) : Be still
Kumu (koo-moo') : Goat fish
Ku'u (koo-oo) : My; mine

La (lah) : Sun
Lae (l-eye') : A promontory
Lamalama (lah'-mah lah'-mah) : Bright
Lunai (lah'-neye') : Porch
Lani (lah'-ne) : Heavenly
Lapuwaile (lah'-poo wah'-leh) : Worthless
Lau (low, to rhyme with cow) : Leaf
Laulau (repeat above) : Bundle of food
Lawa (lah'-vah) : Enough
Lehua (lay'-hoo'-ah) : A tree
Lei (lay') : Necklace, wreath
Lele (lay'-leh) : Jump; leap
Leo (lay'-oh) : Voice
Lepo (lay'-poh) : Dirt; dust
Like (lee'-keh) : To be like
Lima (lee'-mah) : Arm; hand
Limu (lee'-moo) : Sea-moss
Lio (lee'-oh) : Horse
Loa (loh'-ah) : Long
Loke (loh'-keh) : A rose
Lolo (loh'-loh) : Dumb
Lomilomi (loh'-me loh'-me) : Massage
Lua (loo'-ah) : Hole
Luahine (loo'-ah hee'-neh) : Old woman
Luau (loo' ou') : Feast
Luhi (loo'-hee) : Fatigue
Luna (loo'-nah) : Upper; foreman
Maa (mah-ah) : Habit

Maanei (mah-ah-nay) : Here
Mahalo (mah'-hah'-loh) : Thanks
Mahimahi (mah'-he-mah'-he) : The dolphin
Mahope (mah'-hoh'-peh) : Later
Mai (mah-ee) : Sick
Mai (m-eye') : Toward a person
Maia (my'-ah) : Banana
Maikai (m-eye'-k-eye) : Good
Maile (m-eye'-leh) : A vine
Maka (mah'-kah) : Eye
Makahiki (mah'-kah-hee'-ke) : Year
Makai (mah'-kah'-e) : Toward the sea
Makapuu (mah'-kah-poo'-oo) : Bulging eye
Make (mah'-keh) : Dead
Makemake (mah'-keh mah'-keh) : To desire
Mala (mah'-lah) : Garden
Malaila (mah'-laye'-lah) : There
Malalo (mah'-lah'-loh) : Townward
Malamalama (mah'-lah'-mah'-lah'-mah) : Shining
Malie (mah'-lee-eh) : Calm
Malihini (mah'-le-hee'-ne) : A stranger
Malimali (mah'-le-mah'-le) : Flattery
Malo (mah'-loh) : Loin cloth
Malolo (mah'-loh'-loh) : Flying fish
Mama (mah'-mah') : Active
Mamo (mah'-moh) : Yellow bird
Mana (mah'-nah) : Power
Manalo (mah'-nah'-loh) : Brackish
Manao (mah'-nah'-oh) : Thought
Manawa (mah'-nah'-vah) : Time
Mano (mah'-noh') : A shark
Manu (mah'-noo) : Bird; fowl
Maoli (mah'-oh-le) : Really
Mauka (mah'-oo-kah) : Inland
Mauna (mah'-oo-nah) : Mountain
Me (may) : With
Mea (may'-ah) : Thing
Meha (may'-ha) : Lonely
Mele (may'-leh) : Song
Melemele (may'-leh-may'-leh) : Yellow
Menchune (may'-neh-hoo'-neh) : Midgets
Mikiala (mee'-ke-ah'-lah) : Watchful
Mikioi (mee'-ke-oh'-e) : Neat; nice
Minamina (mee'-nah-mee'-nah) : Regret for an error
Moa (moh'-ah) : Fowl
Moana (moh'-ah'-nah) : Ocean
Moe (moh'-eh) : To lie down
Moi (moh'-e') : Sovereign
Moku (moh'-koo) : Island
Mokulele (moh'-koo-lay'-leh) : Airplane
Mokuahi (moh'-koo-ah'-he) : Steamer
Momi (moh'-me) : Pearl
Momona (moh'-moh'-nah) : Fat; sweet

Na (nah) : The (plural)
Nalu (nah'-loo) : Surf on the beach
Nene (nay'-neh') : Goose
Niu (nee'-oo) : Cocopalms
No (noh) : Indeed
Noho (noh'-hoh) : To sit
Nou (noh'-oo) : Yours

Nui (noo'-ee) : Large

Oe (oh'-eh) : You (singular)
Ohia (oh'-hee-ah) : Mountain apple
Oia (oh'-e-ah) : He, she, or it
Okole (oh'-koh'-leh) : The anus
Okolehao (oh'-koh'-leh-how') : Homebrew
Olelo (oh'-lay'-loh) : Speak
Oluolu (oh'-loo oh'-loo) : Congenial; friendly
One (oh'-neh) : Sand
Ono (oh'-noh) : Sweet
Oo (oh'-oh') : Bird from which feather cloaks were made
Opakapaka (oh'-pah'-kah-pah'-kah) : Species of snapper
Opelu (oh'-pay'-loo) : Mackerel
Opihi (oh'-pee'-he) : Small shell fish
Opu (oh'-poo') : Belly
Oukou (ah'-koh') : You (more than two)
Owai (oh'-w-eye') : Who?

Paakai (pah'-ah-k-eye') : Salt
Paha (pah'-hah) : Perhaps
Pahee (pah'-hay-eh) : Slippery
Paina (pah'-ee'-nah) : Eat
Paipu (ple'-poo) : Pipe
Pake (pah'-kay') : Chinese
Paakiki (pah'-ah-kee'-ke') : Stubborn
Palaka (pah'-lah'-ka) : Short shirt
Palaoa (pah'-low'-ah) : Bread
Palapala (pah'-lah-pah'-lah) : Writing
Pali (pah'-le) : Precipice
Pani (pah'-nee') : Close; shut
Papa (pah'-pah) : Any flat surface
Papale (pah'-pah'-leh) : Hat
Papiopio (pah'-pee'-oh pee'-oh) : Young ulua fish
Pau (pow') : Finished
Pa-u (pah'-oo') : Riding garment
Pehea (pah'-hay'-ah) : How?
Pele (Peh'-leh) : Goddess of volcanoes
Pikake (pee'-kah'-keh) : Peacock; also a flower
Piko (pee'-koh) : Navel
Pilau (pee'-low') : Bad smell
Pili (pee'-le) : Thatching grass
Pilikia (pee'-le-kee'-ah) : Trouble
Pipi (pee'-pe) : Beef
Po (poh) : Darkness; night
Poha (poh'-hah') : Gooseberry
Pohaku (poh'-hah'-koo) : Stones
Poho (poh'-hoh') : "Out of luck"
Poi (poy) : Food
Poina (poh'-ee'-nah) : Forgotten
Poko (poh'-koh) : Short
Pololu (poh'-loh'-le) : Hungry
Polu (poh'-loo') : Dark blue
Pololei (poh'-loh'-lay') : Straight; correct
Ponimoi (pony-moy) : Carnation
Pono (poh'-noh) : Right; lawful
Poopoo (poh'-oh-poh'-oh) : Depth
Popo (poh'-poh') : A ball
Popoki (poh'-poh'-ke) : Cat
Pua (poo'-ah) : Flower

Puaa (poo'-ah-ah) : Hog; swine
Puhtipaka (poo'-he-pah'-kah) : Tobacco smoking
Puiva (poo-ee'-vah) : Astounded
Puka (poo'-kah) : Hole
Pule (poo'-leh) : Pray
Puna (poo'-nah) : A spring
Punee (poo-neh-eh) : Couch; settee
Pupule (poo-poo'-leh) : Crazy
Puu (poo-oo) : Small hill
Puuvai (poo-oo-w-eye') : Heart
Ua (oo'-ah) : Rain
Uka (oo'-kah) : The country inland
Ukulele (oo'-koo-lay'-leh) : Jumping flea (small guitar)
Ula (oo'-lah) : Red

Ulu (oo'-loo) : To grow
Uluu (oo-loo'-ah) : Cavalla fish
Umi (oo'-me) : Ten
Uwe (oo-way') : Mourn
Waa (wah-ah) : Canoe
Wahine (wah'-hee'-neh) : Woman
Wai (w-eye') : Fresh water
Waiau (w-eye'-ou') : Bathing water
Waiile (w-eye'-lay'-leh) : Waterfall
Waina (w-eye'-nah) : Wine
Waipuhia (w-eye'-poo-hee'-ah) : Wind-blown water
Wawae (wah'-wah'-eh) : Foot
Wela (way'-lah) : Warm; hot
Wikipiki (wee'-ke wee'-ke) : Quickly
Wiluwili (wee'-le..wee'-le) : A tree

Names of Places

Aala (ah'-ah'-lah) : Land section, Kona, Oahu
Ahuimanu (ah'-hoey-mah'-noo) : Collection of birds. Land section, Koolauloa, Oahu.
Aiea (eye'-ay-ah) : Land section, Ewa, Oahu
Alakea (ah'-lah-kay'-ah) : White road. Land section, Kona, Oahu
Alaea (ah'-lay'-vah) : To float cloud-like. Land section, Kona, Oahu
Alika (ah'-lee-kah) : Clammy-like. Land section, Kona, Hawaii

Ewa (eh'-vah) : Angular or crooked. District, Oahu

Haiku (h-eye-koo') : Broken apart. Land section, Hamakua, Maui
Halawa (hah'-lah'-vah) : Ample trough. Village, Kohala, Hawaii
Haleakala (hah'-leh-ah'-kah-lah') : House of the sun. Crater, Maui
Halemanu (hah'-leh-mah'-noo) : Bird house. Stream, Waimea, Kauai
Halemaumau (hah'-leh-mow-mow) : Fern house. Fire pit, volcano of Kilauea, Hawaii National Park
Hamakua (hah'-mah-koo'-ah) : The back of the island. District, Hawaii
Hamakuapoko (hah'-mah-koo'-ah-poh'-koh) : Short Hamakua. District, Maui
Hana (hah'-nah) : Work. District, Maui
Hanalei (hah'-nah-lay') : Wreath making. Land section, Halealea, Kauai
Hanapepe (hah'-nah-pay'-peh) : To crush. Land section, Kona, Kauai
Hauula (how'-oo-lah) : Red hibiscus. Land section, Koolauloa, Oahu
Hawaii (hah'-weye-ee) : Name of traditional discoverer and first settler
Hawi (hah'-vee') : A time of famine. Land section, Kohala, Hawaii
Heeia (hey'-ay-ee-ah) : Slide. Land section, Koolau, Oahu
Hilo (hee'-loh) : Name of Polynesian navigator. Bay and town, Hawaii
Honokaa (hoh'-noh-kaa-ah) : Deflecting place of the wind. Village, Hamakua
Honolulu (hoh'-noh-loo-loo) : Fair haven (all vowels short)
Humuula (hoo'-moo-oo'-lah) : Name of a very hard stone. Land section, Hilo

Iao (ee'-ou) : Towards dawn. Valley, Wailuku, Maui

Kaaawa (kah-ah'-ah'-vah) : The aawa (fish). Valley, Koolauloa, Oahu
Kaala (kah-ah-lah) : The fragrance. Waianae Range, highest part, Oahu
Kahala (kah'-hah'-lah) : The pandanus cape. Puna, Kauai
Kahana (kah'-hah'-nah) : The work. Land section, Koolauloa, Oahu
Kahuku (kah-hoo'-koo) : The projection. Land section, Koolauloa, Oahu
Kahului (kah-hoo'-loo-e) : Gathering together. Town, Wailuku, Maui
Kailua (k-eye'-loo'-ah) : Two currents of the sea. Land section, North Kona, Hawaii
Kakaako (kah'-kah-ah'-koh) : Prepare the thatching. Land section, Oahu
Kalapuna (kah'-lah-pah'-nah) : Shooting field. Land section, Puna, Hawaii
Kalihi (kah-lee'-he) : The edge or border. Land section, South Kona, Hawaii

Kapaa (kah'-pah'-ah) : Fast, firm. Land section, Kohala, Hawaii
Kauai (cow'-eye) : To place out to dry. Island
Kaupo (cow'-poh') : Night season. District, Maui
Kawailoa (kah-weye'-loh'-ah) : Long water. Land section, Koolaupoko, Oahu
Kihe (kee-hay') : Shoulder cape. Village, Kula, Maui
Kilauea (kee-low'-ay'-ah) : Rising smoke cloud. Name applied to several localities
Kipahulu (kee'-pah-hoo'-loo) : Sojourn at the forest fringe. District, Maui
Kipapa (kee'-pah'-pah) : Pavement. Land section, Kaupo, Maui
Kohala (koh-hah'-lah) : Pandanus tree. District, Hawaii
Kokee (koh-kay) : Crooked cane. Stream, Waimea, Kauai
Kolekole (koh'-leh koh'-leh) : Red earth. Mountain, Koolau, Molokai
Kolaa (koh'-loh'-ah) : Wild duck. Village, Kauai
Kona (koh'-nah) : Leeward. Name applied to the leeward districts in the Hawaii island
Kula (koo'-lah) : Dry upland. Land section, Puna, Hawaii

Laie (lah-ee'-eh) : Leaf of le. Land section, Koolauloa, Oahu
Lanai (lah'-neye) : Day of contention. Island
Lualualei (loo'-ah-loo-ah'-lay) : Flexible wreath. Land section, Waianae, Oahu

Makapu (mah'-kah-poo-oo) : Bulging eyes. Land section, Hana, Maui
Makawao (mah'-kah-wow') : View of wide expanse. Land section, Hamakua-poko, Maui
Makiki (mah-kee'-kee) : Name of a soft porous stone. Land section, Oahu
Makua (mah-koo'-ah) : Parent. Land section, Waianae, Oahu
Mala (mah'-lah) : A cultivated field. Land section, Lahaina, Maui
Manoa (mah-noh'-ah) : Thick, broad. Land section, Oahu
Mau (mow'-e) : Name of a demigod. Island
Mauna Kea (mow'-nah kay'-ah) : White mountain, Hamakua, Hawaii
Mauna Loa (mow'-nah loh'-ah) : Long mountain, South Kona, Hawaii
Moanalua (moh'-ah-nah-loo'-ah) : Two encampments. Land section, Oahu
Mokapu (moh-kah-poo) : Restricted ridge. Point, Oahu
Molokai (moh'-loh-k-eye) : Untwisted temple ceremony. Island

Napoopoo (nah-poh-oh-poh-oh) : The depressions. Village, South Kona, Hawaii
Niihau (nee-e-how') : Bound with hau bark. Island
Nuanu (noo-oo-ah'-noo) : Cool cliffs. Koolau Range, Oahu

Oahu (oh-ah'-hoo) : A gathering place. Island
Olaa (oh-lah'-ah) : Of sacredness. Land division, Puna, Hawaii
Onomea (oh'-noh-may'-ah) : Something palatable. Land section, Hilo, Hawaii

Palolo (pah-loh'-loh) : Whitish clay. Land section, Oahu
Pukoo (poo'-koh) : Supporting conch shell. Land section, Molokai
Puna (poo'-nah) : Coral, lime. District, Hawaii
Punahou (poo'-nah-hoh') : New spring. Land section, Oahu
Puu Oo (poo-oo oh'-oh) : Yellow-feathered bird. Hill, Hilo, Hawaii
Puuwaawaa (poo'-oo-wah'-ah-wah'-ah) : Hill furrowed with gulches. Land section, North Kona, Hawaii

Uluniu (oo'-loo-nee'-oo) : Coconut grove. Land section, Oahu
Upolu (oo-poh'-loo) : A Samoan island name. Land section, Kohala, Hawaii

Wahtawa (wah'-hee-a-wah) : Landing place. Land section, Waialua, Oahu
Waialae (weye'-ah'-lie) : Water of the mud hen. Land section, Oahu
Waialeale (weye'-ah-le-ah-le) : Rippling water. Highest mountain on Kauai
Waialua (weye'-ah'-loo-ah) : Two streams. Land section, Oahu, Molokai
Waianae (weye'-ah-neye') : Mullet water. District, Oahu
Waikiki (weye'-kee'-kee) : Spurting water. Subdistrict, Oahu
Wailele (weye'-lay'-leh) : Water fall. Land section, Oahu
Waimanu (weye'-mah'-noo) : Bird water. Land section, Hamakua, Hawaii
Waimea (weye'-may'-ah) : Reddish water. Name applied to several localities
Watoli (weye'-oh'-le) : Singing water. Land section, Halealea, Kauai
Waipahu (weye'-pah'-hoo) : Gushing water. Village, Ewa, Oahu
Waipio (weye'-pee-oh) : Curving water. Land section, Hamakua, Hawaii

HELE MAI
COME HERE
 MALIHINI
NEWCOMER
 ALANUI
STREET
 PIPĪ
COW
 KANAKA
MAN
 HEIAU
TEMPLE
 MOLOKAI
 LAI
SUN
 LUAU
FEAST
 MAMUA
BEFORE
 MAKAI
SEWARD
 HAPAI
CARRY
 KAMAAINA
OLDTIMER
 PILIKIA
TROUBLE
 MAANEI
HERE
 KEIKI
CHILD
 MAIKAI
GOOD
 MALAILA
THERE
 HUKI
PULL
 KAUAI
 KAMAILIO
TALK
 AKAMA
CLEVER
 LOLO
STUPID
 HANA
WORK
 ALO
GREETING
 HUHŪ
ANGRY
 LANI
PORCH
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BREAD
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